Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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WHAT AILS THE WORLD?

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[*This is the second article to appear in the series on World Restoration. The first,* "Judaism and World Restoration," *by the eminent rabbi, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Silverman, was published in the August issue. In October the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman will write on* "Protestantism and the World's Necessities." —*The Editors.*]

THE world is an invalid to-day more than ever. What ails it? World specialists are prescribing various remedies for its cure. In vain. They neither diagnose its disease nor are capable of prescribing for it. Physicians have a phrase which illustrates the remedies and efforts of various governments to heal the world of its present illness. They call a prescription used by certain doctors a shot-gun prescription; it is hoped that some of the many ingredients may hit the mark. There are other physicians who, instead of attacking the cause of an illness, prescribe for its various symptoms.

It is not advisable ordinarily for a physician to prescribe for himself. It is also inadvisable for him to prescribe for one of his own family who is seriously ill, for the reason that, being over-interested in the patient, he is apt to regard conditions too favorably or too unfavorably. The great difficulty with the world to-day is that it is prescribing for its own illness. It is a truism to say that mankind is selfish, and that nations are as selfish as the individuals who compose them. If selfish governments meet in council, they will most likely prescribe a shot-gun remedy.

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They may temporize and compromise, but they are not apt to remedy an evil the root of which is selfishness. The Hague is proof. Never was more done, humanly speaking, to assure peace than at The Hague. And never in the history of mankind did such a flood of war rush over the world as after The Hague. The reason is that selfish humanity refuses to prescribe or take the remedy for selfishness.

Man wants justice; yes. But generally he wants it for himself. Justice requires that man or nation subordinate personal or national advantages to right and truth. That means frequently the sacrifice of personal or national interests. And "there's the rub". In the councils of nations, each government is inclined to seek its own interests. Hence, only a partial or temporary agreement may be effected. But compromise never cures. It simply covers. What will cure? Justice. And how is justice to be attained? By rising above interested and selfish aims. And what will enable governments to rise above such aims? Nothing which mere worldly policy will offer, because the world is selfish. The power so to rise must come from above. Human nature cannot rise above its own level unaided.

Justice among individuals is maintained by laws. How is it to be maintained among nations? Either by force or law. By force means war, the very thing we seek to avoid. By law means by an authority which can legislate for nations as government does for individuals. Where is that authority? No merely human authority exists for such legislation. Nations may combine and make a pact, and create an authority, but such authority rests on selfish agreement, and its foundation is sand.

Is there no hope, then? There is. The Author of human nature, knowing its limitations, has provided. In the Old Law the voice of God proclaimed from Sinai the law which makes for individual and national peace. In the New Law Christ supplemented the divine authority of Jehovah by His message of peace to men of good will. He came the Prince of Peace. His laws will bring peace among people and among nations. He is the Great Physician of mankind. He prescribes for welfare here and hereafter. He is the World Ruler. His is the only supergovernment.

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In proportion as God and His justice are acknowledged and respected by governments, will the world have peace. What government is to people, that, and a great deal more, God is to the governments themselves. If people do not respect government, anarchy results. And because governments do not respect God and His justice, wars result. Governments will be selfish to the end of the world, and wars will continue to the end. One power alone is capable of restraining that selfishness. But it calls for good will on man's part. That power is the World Ruler, God. If His rule, which is justice, is acknowledged by the nations, they will have peace, not otherwise. But expediency, not justice, is the policy of governments. Hence, God is ruled out of the councils of nations. Therefore, the world after Versailles was upside down and remains so. God was excluded from that gathering of governments. And peace was excluded, too.

Witness the world to-day. Whatever semblance of peace exists is merely exhaustion. The nations for the most part are champing for revenge or for aggrandizement. The worldly view sees only present advantages and sanctions. God bids us regard life as a pilgrimage to eternity, which will be happy or miserable in accordance as we live by justice or expediency. He tells us that people and governments must answer to Him for their conduct, and that on it depends everlasting welfare. Conduct based on justice is His command and His panacea. But governments whose outlook is bounded by the horizon of this life, and who close their eyes to justice, will not bring about peace worthy of the name, as we see in effect to-day, when the so-called peace is but a period of recuperation for war.

Is there no remedy, therefore? That depends. Must wars go on? Unless man respects a power above. And because mankind is not seeking first God and His justice, wars abound and will abound. The efforts of man may mitigate war and make it less frequent, but will never abolish it. Life is a warfare. But this is certain that in proportion as justice dominates people and governments, will strife and war cease, and there is nothing in the world so efficacious to make justice supreme among mankind as Christianity. Religion has been banished from governments of late, and in consequence the world has been afflicted by the

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most dreadful conflict recorded in history. Man by worldly methods has done his utmost and failed miserably. It is time to turn to God. He desires to give us peace. But men must acknowledge Him as King if they are to have peace. This does not imply that man is to sit with folded arms and look to God to adjust world affairs. God wants man to do all in his power for justice, to work as hard for peace as if it depended on his unaided efforts, but to know that for success peace must be the result of serving and reverencing Him, the Ruler of Nations.

A great deal of the distress of nations to-day is due to the fact that subjects have lost respect for legitimate authority. Governments fail to realize that in leaving God out of their deliberations and policies they have taught their subjects to do the same. In doing this, they have undermined their own authority, as is evident from the shaky foundation on which many governments rest to-day.

National as well as international peace rests on respect for legitimate authority. If nations want loyalty from subjects, and justice from one another, the surest way to both is loyalty to God. The government that reverences God will not be an aggressor nor a delinquent. The government that reverences God will regulate its aims and policies by the laws of eternal justice.

Justice, the justice that is of God, will restrain national selfishness, and in consequence prevent the clash of nations. But in order that justice reign, man must realize that there is a Just Monarch of Mankind, Whose authority cannot be defied with impunity. If the Creator has permitted mankind to be infected with selfishness, He has also given an antidote. That antidote is respect for the Lawgiver of Mankind. Subjects have disregarded Him, and national disasters have resulted. Nations have discarded Him, and the World War was the penalty. The way to peace is God's way, good will shown by respecting God's authority. That will bring peace, and only that. Governments must realize that there is a sanction above for right. They must know that although they may violate justice and carry out selfish policies, they cannot ignore the Lawgiver of the World with impunity. The wages of sin is death. Every individual knows that. It holds for governments as well. Consult history,

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Are we to be pessimistic, therefore, and let a selfish world run to ruin? By no means. Governments are made up of individuals. Each individual by respecting God and His justice will be doing his part to better his government and the world. If the individual ignores justice, he must not be surprised if government does also. Now there is no power among mankind so efficacious for establishing justice as Christianity. History confirms this. Wars there have always been and will be. Christ the Prince of Peace has declared it. Nevertheless, Christianity has done more to minimize war and its atrocities than any other power in the world.

Before Christ, war was the occupation of nations. The Roman Empire was at peace only three short periods during seven hundred years. Powerful nations sought more dominion, weak nations fought for existence. It was the rule of might. The only peace was that of exhaustion or slavery. Unless we go back to pre-Christian times, we can have no idea of what Christianity has done for the world's welfare. Bad as conditions are now, they were incalculably worse before Christ. Treaties mean much or little now. They meant nothing then. Justice had no meaning except it was supported by force. The existence of a small nation like Switzerland cannot be imagined in pre-Christian times. It would have been absorbed or annihilated.

If a powerful nation now attempted to absorb or destroy a smaller nation, it would evoke protest and opposition. And why? It would outrage prevailing sentiment. And what created civilized sentiment as it is to-day? Christianity. Before Christ, the ruler of a nation was not only a tyrant but a god. He acknowledged no power above him. In point of fact the Roman Emperors were deified. Their word was law. They made wrong right, or right wrong. And there was no one to gainsay them. True, an assassin's dagger sometimes stopped them. But there was nothing in the machinery of government or the times to restrain injustice. Christianity proclaimed to the ruler on the throne that he was subject to a Higher Power. It declared to these gods of clay that they had an accountability. It placed the standard of justice before ruler and subject alike, and informed them that they violated it at their eternal peril.

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Gradually as the Church of Christ made peaceful conquest of the world, it replaced might by right. Not all at once, nor at any time entirely. It was hard work and long work. First it had to change the ideals of the pagan Romans, and afterwards to soften the brutality of the invading barbarians. But it introduced a new thing into the world, justice. It erected a new tribunal for individual, nation and world, the tribunal of right.

Until the Catholic Bishop Ambrose withstood the Roman Emperor Theodosius to his face there never was a power in the world which said effectively to a tyrant, "It is unjust; thou shalt not." This was a new idea among mankind. A ruler acknowledging a Super-Ruler! A king or emperor was after all not a god, not the arbiter of right or wrong.

I wonder if we who are the heirs of all the beneficence which Christianity has wrought and brought are not sometimes not only unmindful of but also ungrateful to Christ. We glory in the brotherhood of man. Liberty, equality, fraternity! But it was Christ who first declared the brotherhood of man. It was His Church which abolished slavery. One third of the world was in slavery before the Catholic Church gradually enfranchised them. Things do not merely happen. It is not civilization which has brought justice and liberty into the world. Civilization was at its height in the pagan Roman Empire when justice and freedom were trampled underfoot. It was the Catholic Church preaching the justice and brotherhood proclaimed by Christ which brought about respect for justice and freedom for the individual.

But what has all this to do with the problem we are facing? Everything. Peace is not more difficult of attainment than justice or freedom. The Catholic Church gave us justice and freedom, and it can give us peace. I am addressing readers some of whom are not of my faith. In this brief article I cannot substantiate all my statements. But read history aright and you will find the corroboration of all I say. Read Balmes's *History of European Civilization*, and you will say I am understating rather than exaggerating my claims. The Catholic Church gave us the ideals of justice and brotherhood which the modern world cherishes.

It gave us the ideals. That does not mean that justice and fraternity have always prevailed. But if with the ideals things

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are as they are, what would the world be without them! In point of fact the Church has not only given us the ideals but has contributed powerfully to their realization. Yes, I know the abuses of rulers and nations and individuals in Church and State the past twenty centuries; but mankind is mankind. We, individually and collectively, are prone to evil. We are morally free. Human passion often hurls us headlong. But look over the past twenty centuries and you will find that never before in the history of the world was justice or the individual held in such respect. Wars and crimes there have been. But the wars and crimes which the Church prevented were innumerable. Even when war was unavoidable, the Church mitigated its horrors.

Before Christianity, war was a shambles and worse. Prisoners were put to death or sent into slavery. Women and children were butchered or reserved for a worse fate. Since, prisoners have been almost envied, and women and children held sacred even by their conquerors. What did that? The Catholic Church. It put the fear of the Lord in subjects and rulers. When war was inevitable, this same Church caused it to be less disastrous by the Truce of God, which called a halt to the clash of arms. When the Papacy, the much abused and much misunderstood Papacy, was supreme, it time and again prevented war. It used its mighty power to check acts of injustice on the throne, to make hostile rulers listen to reason, to halt the hand of the powerful aggressor, and in various ways to make justice reign instead of force. It was the one super-power among nations in the ages of faith, and on the whole that power was employed for the maintenance of peace by upholding the law of right and the brotherhood of man. Space does not permit me to say more.

A new era has come. The old ideals have been crowded out. Materialism is the god now worshipped. Greatness is measured by size. The man is great who has much. The nation is great that is rich. There is no room except for bulk. Material standards dominate the world. Result: Among individuals a mad race for wealth regardless of honesty; and among nations a struggle for territory, trade and resources regardless of justice. Materialism is enthroned. Behold its votaries! Conscienceless governments, bleeding nations, discouraged peoples, lawless individuals.

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Materialism is the new god! And what does it give its worshippers? In a world which abounds in natural resources and teems with sustenance for mankind it gives stone for bread. Never before was it so evident that "not in bread alone does man live". Guided mainly by material standards the world was never so materially destitute. Starving millions in a world of plenty! What an indictment of man's pride and selfishness!

War has done it, war which was all but universal. And what caused the war? We all know; material ideals, a return to paganism. The governments of Europe for the past few centuries have been more or less a combination of merchant and highwayman. By deception, intrigue, propaganda, downright injustice and force, they have sought to extend their territories and enrich their treasuries. And all the while the multitudes were bleeding and dying, and the productive earth was trampled on by devastating armies. And to what purpose? To gratify the ambition of rulers or feed the pride of nations.

What is the remedy? First of all there *is* a remedy: Reverence for the ideals introduced into the world by Christ. A return to *spiritual values*. These ideals cured the pagan world of the dreadful evils of slavery, butchery of prisoners of war, infant murder, the debasement of woman, and other maladies so firmly rooted that they seemed impossible of eradication.

Christian ideals are the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood and immortality of man. If mankind realizes that the Creator and Ruler of the world is a just God Who will render to every man according to his works, mankind will respect justice, and human governments will rule by right, not by might. But if mankind believes that it is but a material part of this material world, and that life and its accountability terminate in a bit of dust, and that there is no ruling power above, the hand of every man will be against his neighbor and the policy of every government will be plunder. There will be no restraint on subject or ruler but that of expediency, which teaches that everything is lawful that is desirable and obtainable.

Here precisely is where Christianity stands forth as the world-remedy. Not desire but duty should be man's principle of action. Every Christian denomination holds that. The Catho-

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lic Church not only proclaims it but by its sacramental system helps weak human nature to carry it out. Some people say that they do not believe in religion, that their religion is to be good, to be honest. But that is the very point. It is hard to be good. Everybody would be good if desiring it made them so. But virtue implies conquest of evil tendencies, conquest of self. Conscience and passion are continually at war. Man is prone to evil. The object of religion is to help man to live by the standards set by the Creator, and emphasized by Christ, in order that man may be worthy of association with God forever hereafter. Even with the aid of religion many fall by the wayside. Without it they are almost sure to collapse. If with spiritual ideals history so abounds in evil, what may we expect from earthly, material ideals? Witness the world to-day.

The purpose of the efforts and ritual of the Catholic Church is to impress on its adherents the reality of spiritual values. It endeavors to make them live in the presence of God, and to conduct themselves accordingly. In a general way it thus works for peace because it works for justice. In particular its efforts for peace are manifest by the action of the Pope on all the great issues which concern the world. The pronouncements of Leo XIII on the matters which threatened industrial peace; the untiring efforts of Benedict XV to bring about peace during the World War; and the present solicitude of Pius XI to introduce the spirit of reconciliation and fraternity among the statesmen of Europe, illustrate one phase of the constant endeavors which the Catholic Church makes for peace.

This attitude of the Holy Father is fully appreciated by those whom it concerns. They may not always act on his initiative, but it is not because they do not realize its rectitude, but because they are unwilling to be influenced by his lofty ideals. Governments as well as individuals are very human, which is another way of saying that they are very selfish. But no ideal is entirely obscured by passion. The Catholic Church holds aloft the highest spiritual ideals. This is not to say that they are always lived up to even by her own communicants. But as Christ's ideals do not suffer by the defection of Judas, neither do those of His Church by the evil lives of some individuals.

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Premier Lloyd George in adverting to the pronouncement of Pius XI in regard to the Genoa Conference said, "I cannot say how pleased I am with this remarkable document nor could I exaggerate the terms in which it is couched. The Pope speaks with first-hand knowledge of conditions in Eastern Europe and I feel that so clear and definite a pronouncement by the Holy See in favor of peace with Russia is a great encouragement to the Christian powers assembled at Genoa." That is the duty for peace which the Pope is ever performing, holding up the ideals which Christ brought into the world. It was a Catholic priest, Father Luigi Sturzo, who at Genoa struck an inspirational note by proclaiming "the necessity of instituting a political internationale founded on Christian ideals: love, brotherhood, tolerance, equity and justice".

Not only does the Catholic Church work for peace but it also prays for peace, and that constantly. Its ritual abounds with prayers for peace and harmony among peoples. In its litanies it daily prays for peace. In the Mass there is a special prayer for peace, and there is, moreover, a special Peace Mass, which is celebrated in times of greatest need. It will be seen, therefore, that there is no power on earth more active or effective for peace than the Catholic Church, which always upholds legitimate authority. By its exhortations and Sacraments it endeavors to make each individual of its faith seek first God and His justice. By its various organizations it seeks to cultivate the spirit of peace in family and society. By its proclamations and appeals and delegations it holds up to governments the standards of morality preached by Christ, the Prince of Peace. In proportion as the individual and family and society and government conform their conduct to these Christian ideals will the world have peace; in no other way. The mission of the Catholic Church is to perpetuate Him and His teaching Who said, "I am the Light of the World." A beacon guides; it does not compel. If the nations walk by that light they will be in the way of peace, if not—look at the world to-day.

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CANADA'S NATIONAL STATUS

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DURING the Great War and since its conclusion there has been much loose thinking and writing, both within the British Empire and without, about the status of the Dominion of Canada. The note has been one of exaggeration rather than of sobriety. As a consequence ignorant misinterpretations are abroad which need to be challenged. Canada has everything to lose if its relation to the Empire is not made clear to foreign nations, especially to the United States. Developments of both a domestic and international nature—and there are many of them—may lead to the perpetuation of ignorance and may complicate further advance, unless their essential nature is made plain. Finally, the status of Canada, if clearly understood and judicially estimated, is in itself a challenge to the political dangers of the past and an element of international promise for the future.

I

The history of Canadian autonomy falls naturally into two periods; first, from 1867, when the Dominion was created by an Act of the Imperial Parliament, to 1914; and second, from 1914 to the present time. The first period was characterized by growing assurance, and the second period is the period of national manhood, suddenly matured by the most tragic events in history. Scarcely had the Dominion been created when a national sentiment began to gather. At first insignificant and academic, it gained strength until within a few years it made momentous contributions to Canadian history. Canada began with many curtailments on self-government, and heavily shackled in domestic affairs. Canadian legislation was liable to imperial disallowance. The Governor-General was explicitly ordered to

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reserve for the consideration of the British Cabinet any Acts of the Canadian Legislature dealing with a long list of specifically enumerated subjects, although these were of purely Canadian interest. The defense of the Dominion was in an ambiguous state, with Imperial officers still in command of Canadian forces. There was no Canadian Supreme Court. Canada could not control immigration from the British Isles. Canada had little or no place in international treaties or in foreign affairs.

Almost at once developments began. A Supreme Court was set up at Ottawa which has lent dignity and confidence to the Canadian judiciary. The Governor-General's office was reconstructed, so that to-day he can perform no official act and carry out no executive or administrative functions on his own initiative, but must act on the advice of his responsible Cabinet Ministers in the same manner as the Crown acts in Great Britain. In trade and commerce, however, the greatest advances were made before 1914. With the trade depressions of the late 'seventies Canada was forced to seek wider markets for her exports and the problem of commercial treaties was forced to the front. At first the Imperial Government conceded only the right to Canada of settling the details of such treaties. But Canadian Ministers were unwilling to act as a kind of glorified civil service for the Imperial Government, which finally conceded to Canada the right to use its own Ministers as actual negotiators. No sooner had this concession been granted than complications arose. It was evident that Great Britain could no longer expect to make general commercial treaties which would bind Canada, and the plan was soon adopted of inserting a clause which gave to Canada the right to adhere or to refuse to adhere to such treaties. This advance in turn raised a further question whether Canada should be bound by old general treaties in the framing of which there had been no consultation with Canada nor agents acting for Canada. When a scheme of preferential tariffs within the Empire was in the air, it was found that existing treaties precluded such preference without the inclusion in it of all foreign countries with most-favored-nation clauses in their treaties with Great Britain. Finally regulations were drawn up in 1895 which hold the field substantially to the present time. Any

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treaty must be made between the Imperial Government, not the Dominion of Canada, and the foreign State concerned. Since final responsibility must remain with Great Britain, independent powers of negotiation could not be granted to Canada. Negotiations must be conducted by the British representative aided by Canadian representatives as second plenipotentiaries or as subordinates. Any treaty which might be concluded would be signed by the plenipotentiaries only after its terms had been approved by the Imperial and Canadian Governments. It would ultimately be ratified by the Crown acting on the advice of the British Cabinet, if the Canadian Government so desired; or, in the event of legislation being requisite to make its terms effective, if the Canadian Parliament so desired. Conditions of negotiation were laid down: concessions made to any foreign Power must be made to any other foreign Power having by existing treaties most-favored-nation rights in Canada; any concessions so made must be extended without compensation to all British possessions; no concessions must be accepted from a foreign Government which would be prejudicial to other parts of the Empire.

The position which Canada now occupies can be summed up briefly: Canada is not bound by any commercial treaty to which its consent has not been given. Canada will be consulted by the Imperial Government when a general commercial treaty is under consideration, in order that special concessions, if desired by Canada, may be secured. If Canada wishes to establish closer commercial treaties with a foreign State, the Imperial Government will appoint Canadian plenipotentiaries to carry on negotiations and they will sign jointly with an Imperial representative any treaty which may arise out of the discussions. The interests of the Empire at large must not be sacrificed, and Canada must extend to the Empire concessions granted to a foreign Power. The treaty must be ratified by the Crown on the advice of the Imperial Cabinet acting on the request of Canada.

In strictly political treaties there has been no fundamental advance in this period, as international responsibility must lie with Great Britain. It is unnecessary then to lay stress on details of method which might give a false impression of development.

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On the other hand, to international conferences on miscellaneous questions of general concern, such as the Radio-Telegraphic Conference of 1912, Canada sends delegates with full powers under the Great Seal of England, who act as plenipotentiaries for the Dominion. The essential nature of the situation lies in the fact that Canadian plenipotentiaries are not included among the British group who must cast their vote as a unit. As arrangements now are, Canada has plenipotentiaries of its own acting independently of those from Great Britain, and may accordingly differ in opinion from the Imperial view. It is well, however, to remember that the Canadian plenipotentiaries receive their fullness of authority at the hands of the Imperial Executive and that the final ratification rests with the Crown acting on the advice of Imperial Ministers.

After federation, devolution of authority in relation to defense was slow. Imperial money was freely spent on fortifications, and an Imperial force was available to suppress the Red River Rebellion in 1870. Although Canadian troops successfully coped with the much more serious North West Rebellion in 1885, yet the Imperial Government continued to maintain garrisons in Canada. During the Boer War these were withdrawn and not replaced. With their withdrawal the presence of Imperial officers in charge of the Canadian militia became more and more anomalous, especially as their lack of discretion led to serious administrative difficulties. After the Canadian Government had dismissed one of them Canada took over authority. The Imperial Government has no control over Canadian troops raised for home defense, and there is no agreement between Great Britain and Canada to send troops overseas. Any aid given to the Empire outside Canadian territory depends entirely on the will of the Canadian Parliament for the time being. Canadian soldiers serve overseas voluntarily; or, if organized, under a special Canadian law. The same regulations govern naval affairs, so that in the control of the supreme obligations of citizenship Canadian autonomy is complete.

During these years the process of consultation was carried forward beyond mere irregular Conferences. After 1912 Canadian Cabinet Ministers were admitted as members of the Imperial

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Defense Committee where they received full and complete information on defense, foreign affairs, and political treaties, and where all the secrets of Imperial policy were disclosed to them. In the final analysis, of course, this Committee has no executive authority for the Empire; but Canada began to occupy a place in discussions of a distinctly responsible nature. On the other hand, it is well to emphasize the fact that Canada during these years avoided any attempts to set up an Imperial Empire Cabinet.

With the outbreak of the Great War, the relationship between Canada and the Empire became clearer. The Imperial declarations involved Canada automatically, yet Canada had no say in situations in which it had a vital interest. The crisis brought to light the nature of the constitutional ties. Not only was Great Britain solely responsible for the declarations of war but the Imperial decisions placed Canada at once in a state of war. Canadian citizens became the legal enemies of those nations against whom the Imperial Government began hostilities, and Canadian territory was at once liable to possible invasion or attack. On the other hand, the Imperial Government was meticulous in guarding Canadian autonomy. No demand was made for men or for money. Not even the slightest influence was brought to bear which might have impaired Canadian self-government or wounded Canadian sentiment. The Imperial Government had no connection of any kind with the raising of Canadian troops, and Canadian military and naval activities remained entirely and exclusively in the hands of the Canadian Government and Parliament.

The War, however, emphasized the need for closer coöperation and as a consequence consultations developed in a marked degree. Canadian Ministers became members of the Imperial War Cabinet created by Mr. Lloyd George, and the Imperial War Conference of 1917 laid it down that the great Dominions were self-governing nations, which demanded continuous consultation in foreign affairs. The Prime Minister of Canada emphasized the situation. The English Premier was only *primus inter pares* and Canada was Great Britain's constitutional equal, preserving its full autonomy and its complete self-government, carrying on diplomatic correspondence no longer through the Colonial Office

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but directly with the Prime Minister of Great Britain. Of course, it is necessary to walk carefully here. The War Cabinet possessed no final constitutional authority for the Empire. Its decisions remained mere decisions until concurred in by the Imperial and Dominion Cabinets. More important still, if the British members failed to secure the good will of the Dominion members, they could have their wishes carried out through the ordinary channels of the British Departments of State. Indeed, where agreements were forthcoming, the ultimate and international responsibility lay with the Imperial Cabinet.

In relation to the Peace and to the League of Nations a word must be said. At the Peace Conference Canada was assigned two delegates. Each delegation had the right to set up a panel from which the delegates present on any occasion might be chosen, and the Canadian delegates might be included by this panel system in the representation of the British Empire, which appeared under that name for the first time at a Peace Conference and presented its proposals and decisions after consultation with Canada. Canada, of course, possessed no vote apart from the British Empire, and the Canadian delegates signed the treaty as representatives of the King for the Dominion of Canada. The treaty was ratified for the Empire as a whole on the advice of the Imperial Foreign Secretary, after approval for Canada by the Canadian Parliament. It is true that Canada is a member of the League of Nations and that a Canadian representative may be elected to the Council, but the unity of the Empire is preserved by the Covenant's guarantee of the territorial integrity of its constituent members.

II

The Dominion of Canada is an integral part of the British Empire. The growth of Canadian autonomy has therefore been necessarily limited by the legal and constitutional bonds which unite Canada to the Empire. There can be little doubt that emotion and sentiment play a large and important part in the relationship between Canada and Great Britain, and it is well that moral values should not be forgotten in the consideration of hard, legal facts. Great Britain recognizes that Canada has a

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distinct national status and a distinct group life. There is no possibility in future of leaving Canadian opinion unconsidered or of curtailing full discussion in the delicate and dangerous realm of foreign affairs. Great Britain has accepted the fullness of Canadian citizenship, and if it still lacks an effective voice in the executive life of the Empire, the fault assuredly does not lie with the Mother Country. Constitutional reorganization lies in the hands of the Canadian people. In the meantime, the secret places of Imperial policy have been opened to Canadian statesmen, who can obtain as impartial and complete a knowledge of international affairs, of defense, of treaties and of conventions, as any member of the British Cabinet.

Although, however, Canadian autonomy is practically complete in trade and commerce, although Canadian opinion is practically decisive in political treaties affecting the Dominion alone, although Canada is a distinct member of the League of Nations with the right to representation on its Council, yet the witness which these developments bear is rather to the extreme limit of Canadian freedom within the Empire than to newly accepted positions in constitutional law. As the law of nations now stands Canada is not a sovereign State. However light the Imperial tie, as long as it exists, Canada cannot escape—under the political theories which at present prevail—the implications of the fact. In addition, the Imperial connection imposes boundaries on Canadian autonomy within the Empire. The internal and the external limitations of Canadian political authority can be clearly stated in terms of private and international law without in the least mortgaging the future or closing the gate to further developments.

The Imperial constitutional situation is unparalleled in history, and analogies drawn from Hanover or the Thirteen Colonies are, like most political analogies, barren of guidance. It is possible to say the same of the phrases which attempt to describe the conditions. "Autonomous nations of the British Commonwealth," the "League of Britannic Nations," the "Free States of the Empire," are terms capable of such complicated connotations and are all linked up with such varied political theories that none of them is conclusive. All that the historian or political

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thinker can hope to do is to look at things as they actually are. He must see facts and their implications: first, that Canada is an integral part of the Empire; second, that Canada does not possess those adjuncts of political life which determine recognition as a state; third, that Canada has a distinct social, economic and political group activity peculiarly and separately Canadian; and fourth, that the generally accepted theory of sovereignty darkens the issues and that its abandonment will furnish the most necessary step in resolving the antinomies. Finally, he must recognize that political progress is best secured where the forms which give constitutions their concrete expression are behind rather than in front of general political education.

Canada is a Dominion "under the Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland". Such is the preamble of the Canadian Constitution granted by the Imperial Parliament, and it is a fundamental condition on which Canadian executive, legislative and judicial authority exists. This fact is of more than academic importance. During a discussion in the Imperial Parliament on Irish affairs Mr. Bonar Law declared that "If the self-governing Dominions chose to say, 'to-morrow we will no longer make a part of the British Empire,' we would not try to force them. Dominion Home Rule means the right to decide their own destinies." Mr. Law's words need examination, and it is not without significance that during the same debates Mr. Lloyd George was careful to avoid the question of secession, and that on March 2, 1922, Mr. Winston Churchill during the committee stage of the Irish Free State Bill refused on behalf of the Government an amendment giving the power. He declared that the Dominions had never claimed nor had Great Britain ever admitted the right of secession. Mr. Law's phrase is capable of only one valid construction. If Canada expressed in unmistakable terms the desire of its people to sever the Imperial tie, the British Government would not attempt to resist by the armed forces of the Crown such a clearly expressed wish. But, as General Smuts clearly recognized for South Africa, Canada could not dissolve its connection with the Empire by a Federal Act of Parliament, because the Crown has not the constitutional power to assent to a Canadian Act outside the legislative compe-

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tence of the Dominion Legislature. Canada has authority to legislate for "the peace, order and good government of Canada", and to pass an Act dissolving the Dominion as "under the Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland" would be extraterritorial legislation of an extreme form and of undoubted invalidity. The constitutional dependence of Canada on the Imperial Crown can be abrogated only by an Act of the Imperial Parliament, and the announcement of Canada's severance from the Empire could take place only by Imperial and not by Federal legislation. Indeed the League of Nations itself confirms this opinion. Canada has a separate status within the League but contingent on its position as a constitutent part of the British Empire, and the Covenant binds Canada with other members of the Empire to preserve the territorial integrity of the Empire. There thus emerges another fact, that in addition to an Imperial Act being the normal constitutional method of dissolving the relationship, there would also be necessary agreement on the part of the other constitutent members of the Empire; otherwise the Covenant is futile and meaningless. The League of Nations in giving Canada a new position at the same time binds it closer to the Imperial Crown.

The Imperial tie raises the further question whether the Imperial Parliament can pass legislation applying to Canada. All along there has existed a tendency to curtail such legislation, but with the developments of recent years a claim has been made and concurred in by Sir Robert Borden that the sovereign legislative power of the Imperial Parliament is not only obsolete but invalid. The most probable opinion is that in future no Imperial legislation will bind Canada unless concurred in by resolution of the Federal Parliament. In addition, if Canadian proposals mature to obtain from the Imperial Parliament powers to confer extraterritorial effect for Federal legislation similar to that belonging to Imperial legislation, there will be less necessity for the exercise of legislative power for the Empire as a whole, although Imperial legislation would of necessity apply to Canadians as to other British subjects resident where the Crown possesses extraterritorial jurisdiction.

The question, however, has another aspect of vital importance.

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Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Newfoundland enjoy wide freedom to change their constitutions, but Canada has no authority either to alter the distribution of legislative powers or to vary the essential form of government—a fact upon which Mr. Mackenzie King relied in deprecating Mr. Rowell's claim that equality with the United Kingdom had been established and recognized. All changes made in the Constitution of 1867, other than those of small detail, have required Imperial legislation. The formation of the Federation has been treated as a covenanted occasion and explicit recognition was given to this treatment in 1907 by the Cabinets of the United Kingdom and of Canada when admission was made that the general assent of the provinces was necessary to any constitutional changes. Canada is thus dependent on the Imperial Parliament for any important alterations in the instrument of government. The problem is one of difficulty. Imperial legislation would undoubtedly be refused were there signs of serious provincial opposition. On the other hand, it would be difficult to get general provincial agreement to any increase of the Federal powers. The provinces are extremely suspicious of proposals which might appear to narrow their legislative spheres. In Quebec this is further complicated by fears that the special linguistic and religious rights of the province might be endangered if the Dominion were granted a general authority to alter the constitution.

In foreign affairs, Canada's connection with the Empire imposes obvious legal boundaries. In spite of all the phrases which have passed into currency, Canada has no international status. Even the treaties which Canada concludes in matters of trade and commerce acquire their force through the Imperial relationship. Canada cannot negotiate directly with a foreign country in the political or any other important sphere. If negotiations are necessary, or called for, or Canada is vitally interested, the Crown will act on Ministerial advice with the consent of the Canadian Government. In minor matters direct communication has taken place for many years, but the Imperial Government must learn of serious matters through the Governor-General and through the British Ambassador resident in the particular country. It is true that normally Canadian negotia-

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tors will be employed, but if a treaty supervenes, it will be considered for international purposes an Imperial treaty. The informal agreements which Canada has concluded and to which reference has been made are of no international value, and neither the Canadian Government nor the foreign States have mistaken their character. Indeed in the arrangements for a Canadian Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington the diplomatic unity of the Empire has been expressly preserved. While the appointment will be made on the advice of the Dominion Cabinet, the responsibility and authority will rest with the Imperial Government, and the full powers granted to the Minister will be issued on the responsibility of the Imperial Foreign Secretary.

When the developments of recent years are judicially examined they prove that Canada's status in international law has undergone no fundamental change. The War Cabinet was merely consultative and had no collective executive responsibility for the Empire. Canada signed the Peace Treaty under authority from the Imperial Government. Canada's position in the League of Nations is due to its position in the Empire. The Covenant of the League has undoubtedly imposed on Canada new obligations of an international nature, but has given it no distinct international status. A possible declaration of war will best illustrate the exact state of affairs. Once the Imperial Government declares war, Canada is at war; and once a foreign State declares war against Great Britain, Canada is at war. In either case, Canada need not fight, need not supply a man or a ship or assist in any way, and might be prepared to preserve the most meticulous neutrality; but as international law now stands, Canada would be at war, and its territory and citizens liable to attack.

It may be pertinent to deal with the theoretical difficulty which for many minds prevents a just appreciation of the present position of Canada in the Empire. I have pointed out certain anomalies in this position, but must not on that account be regarded as endorsing the old view that political sovereignty by its very nature is one and indivisible, or that the logic of the situation leaves Canada with the alternatives of complete independence or permanent inferiority of status. The older doctrine of

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sovereignty admitted no third course, but the active criticism of recent political thought working on such material as modern federations, leagues, and unions so abundantly provides, rejects that absolutism. No ancient formula of sovereignty, however embodied in present legal doctrines, can stay the actual process of political development. If the formula declares that there must be one single ultimate residence of all sovereign powers within a State, and the facts reveal a dual or multiple residence, so much the worse for the formula. Necessity modifies our over-simple or over-rigid theories. The strong persuasions of defense or finance, making for unity, have countered the tenacious differences of religion or race, and have thus created not only new forms but new degrees of sovereignty.

The changing relation of Canada to the British Empire, therefore, instead of flouting any eternal principle of political sovereignty, is one of the crucial series of data to which our theories of sovereignty must conform. It is not too much to say that in the modern political world we find States showing every degree of the integration and the separation of sovereign powers. If the Constitutions of the United States and of Australia formally allocate residual sovereignty to the participant States, while in the Dominion of Canada this pertains to the Federal Government, both are nevertheless forms within which the unity of a State is realized. If Australia assigns a variety of concurrent powers to the States and to the Federation, the system nevertheless is a working unity. If the Union of South Africa is to be called a Unitary State rather than a Federation, it presents a very different type of unity from that of the United Kingdom. We might go further and suggest that even in the so-called Unitary State, whatever its legal form, there are sovereign powers which in fact are and must be exercised by municipalities, counties and other units of administration. Why then, we may well ask, should not the British Empire remain a unity although the aspirations of its parts for autonomy find the completest expression they may desire?

It will be said by the legalists that there is no political unity where there is no final authority. In reply, two observations may be made. In the first place we should notice the significance

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of the system, which has grown up particularly in federal states, by which the settlement of constitutional problems, where there is a question of conflicting claims to sovereign powers, is assigned not to Parliament but to courts. In other words these problems are regarded as subjects for interpretation and not for legislation, for adjustment and not for enactment, and the court in such a case may perhaps be fairly regarded as the representative, not of the parliamentary sovereign but of that more profound though less coherent will, the will of the people itself. This leads us to the further and fundamental consideration that the final unity of any State is to be sought not within the form of government at all but in the consensus of political opinion, in the communal will which sets up and pulls down the instruments of political power. If there is that underlying unity it can support the gradation and division of ostensible sovereignty. A house divided against itself cannot stand, but if there is a common foundation it will sustain, without danger of their falling asunder, the divisions within the house.

We need not therefore despair of the unity of the British Empire because Canada and its other constituents, as they attain political manhood, claim a political sovereignty of their own; nor on the other hand need we think it necessary to construct, in advance of evolution, artificial props such as an Imperial Cabinet with definite over-ruling powers. What is best and safest is to strengthen the foundations of the common will, to cultivate the common heritage, to develop the intercourse among the members of the far-flung Empire as well as among the responsible Ministers of every part; to enhance in a word that sense of unity which the possession of a great and common tradition has built up in history and in faith. And if the resulting development contradicts fond theories of sovereignty, we may offer these up, in thankfulness for the unity we maintain and achieve, as a cheerful and willing sacrifice.

W. P. M. KENNEDY.

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THE MINERS AND THE LAW OF TREASON

BY JAMES G. RANDALL

ONCE again the quiet village of Charles Town, West Virginia, in the historic Shenandoah valley, has furnished the setting for a memorable State trial. As in 1859, when John Brown went to the gallows for a traitorous assault which was misconceived as a stroke for Abolition, so in the present year the eyes of the nation have been focused upon this same little county seat while hundreds of miners have faced trial on indictments for murder and treason in connection with the "insurrection" of August, 1921. Twenty-four of the miners who were associated with the armed march of several thousand men directed against the coal fields of Logan and Mingo counties have been charged with the grave offense of "treason", and it is with this phase of the question that the present article proposes to deal. Many circumstances unite to make the trials notable. The long continued efforts of the United Mine Workers to unionize the West Virginia fields, the elaborate litigation which included several federal injunction suits, the huge scale as well as the gravity of the indictments, the intensity of the industrial disputes involved, and the challenge to the State authorities to uphold elemental social order and yet deal fairly with both sides in an unusually bitter struggle—all these factors lift the case above the level of an ordinary criminal proceeding. Without attempting, however, to discuss the industrial phases of the "miners' war", the writer proposes to view the cases from a restricted angle and to consider their relation to the history of treason in our legal system.

Though the charge against the miners is the *rara avis* of treason against a State, the analogy of this crime with treason against the United States is very close, and it may therefore be useful to recall some of the outstanding points in the history of national treason. Treason is the only crime which the Federal Constitution undertakes to define. It consists "only in levying war

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against the United States or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort". To prove treason, the commission of an overt act must be established by at least two witnesses, unless there is a confession in open court. Congress has no authority to fix the nature of the crime, and can neither enlarge nor restrict the offense beyond the constitutional definition. Congress may, however, fix the punishment, and among the acts passed by the first Congress ever assembled under the Constitution was the Treason Law of 1790, which established the penalty of death for this highest of crimes.

In the course of time a well recognized body of principles has grown up around the law of treason. Thus it is recognized that "constructive treason" has no place in our legal system. There must be an actual levying of war. A mere plotting, gathering of arms, or assemblage of men is not treason, in case no overt act is committed. The "levying war", however, has been rather broadly defined by our courts. Besides formal or declared war, it includes an insurrection or combination which forcibly opposes the Government or resists the execution of its laws. Engaging in an insurrection to prevent the execution of a law is treason, because this act amounts to levying war. The mere uttering of words of treasonable import does not constitute the crime, nor is mere sympathy with the enemy sufficient to warrant conviction.

Treason differs from other crimes in that there are no accessories. All are principals, including those whose acts would, in the case of felonies, make them accessories. Those who take part in the conspiracy which culminates in treason are principals, even though absent when the overt act is committed.

This doctrine, that all are principals, is not inconsistent with that other doctrine of American law which excludes "constructive treason". To admit "constructive treason" is to hold a man as traitor when no levying of war has actually taken place. If such a levying of war has occurred, however, then those who were distant from the scene, but who gave aid, are principals in the perpetration of the crime.

Convictions for treason against the United States have been very few, and it is a striking fact that at no time in our national history has anyone actually been punished as a result of judicial

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conviction for the crime. Some of the leaders of the Whisky Rebellion of 1794 were convicted and sentenced to death as traitors, but were pardoned by President Washington.

In 1798 an insurrection in eastern Pennsylvania to resist a land tax passed by Congress gave rise to the famous Fries case. Fries was tried for treason, and it was in his elaborate charge to the jury, since often cited, that Judge Iredell declared that opposing the execution of any law by force of arms amounted to levying war. Fries was convicted and sentenced to death, but was pardoned by President Adams.

The Burr case was the most notable treason trial in our history, and it illustrated well the many legal obstacles that stand in the way of a conviction for this crime. In spite of the intense popular resentment against Burr, and the efforts of the Administration at Washington under President Jefferson to have him convicted, the jury found it impossible under the instructions of the judge, John Marshall, to bring in an adverse verdict, even though it seems clear that they desired to do so. Burr was known to be connected with an assemblage of men on Blennerhassett's Island in the Ohio River, but as it was not proved that any act of war took place in connection with this assemblage, the evidence tending to show Burr's connection with it was ruled out, and the prosecution had no other evidence to offer.

During the Civil War, the general law of treason was used but slightly, special acts being passed which related to the existing "rebellion". The Treason Law of July 17, 1862 (called also the second Confiscation Act), is chiefly notable, perhaps, for its softening of the penalty for treason. According to the law of 1790, death was the only penalty, but few favored enforcing the extreme penalty against the thousands who were (according to the Union view) guilty of treason. The new act therefore gave the court the discretion to decree either death or fine and imprisonment for treason, while for insurrection or rebellion (which seemed to be recognized as a distinct offense in the law) death was not provided at all, the prescribed penalties being imprisonment, fine and confiscation.

Of the hundreds of thousands who were technically "traitors" during the Civil War, only a few hundred were even indicted.

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Of these only a very limited number were brought to trial, and none were actually punished for the offense. Cases of disloyalty amounting to treason were very numerous in the North, but the Administration at Washington preferred not to prosecute them. Lincoln's well-known leniency was a factor of importance, and besides it was realized that conviction in regions likely to produce sympathetic juries would be difficult. To fail to convict would weaken the Government, while success might be even worse, for it would render the victim a martyr. Where zealous grand juries insisted on bringing indictments in spite of the district attorney's wish to avoid prosecutions, considerable embarrassment resulted, and some of the judges showed irritation where cases of this sort were actually brought to trial. After the war indictments were frequently brought, but they were all dropped before conviction, only a few of them coming to trial. General Grant's terms of surrender guaranteed that Lee's men would be released on parole, and would not be molested by United States authority for participation in the rebellion. While it was not within the military power to grant such terms, they were respected, and these men were deemed beyond the reach of prosecution for treason.

In the case of Jefferson Davis, preparations were made for his prosecution, the charge being treason before the Federal Circuit Court at Richmond under the act of 1790, the penalty of which was death; but the general amnesty proclamation of December, 1868, caused the dismissal of his and all similar cases.

During the Great War, the Treason Law was found unavailable as a means of punishing disloyal and hostile acts, and the Espionage Act was passed to deal with the emergency. Four prosecutions for treason were instituted merely as test cases to develop the possibilities of the statutes, but none of them resulted in conviction. In one of these cases (*United States vs. Werner* in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, 247 *Federal Reporter*, 708) the Government's attorneys attempted to fasten the crime of treason upon the editors of a German language newspaper on the ground of discouraging enlistments, obstructing war measures, falsifying war news, and the like, but the court held that, while words published in a newspaper may be adduced to

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show treasonable intent if taken in connection with an overt act, and while the conveying of messages valuable to the enemy is treasonable, yet something more than the mere publication of sentiments must be shown.

This recapitulation will make it clear that the severity and extreme features of the Federal treason statutes make them really unavailable as actual instruments of judicial prosecution, and that in the rare cases when conviction has occurred, Executive clemency has always interposed to prevent punishment.

Turning to the case of the miners, we find that the offense for which they (or rather a selected number of them) are held is treason against the State of West Virginia. In the Constitution of West Virginia there is the following provision:

> Treason against the State shall consist only in levying war against it, or in adhering to its enemies, giving them aid and comfort. No person shall be convicted of treason unless on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act, or on confession in open court. Treason shall be punished, according to the character of the acts committed, by the infliction of one or more of the penalties of death, imprisonment or fine, as may be prescribed by law.

It will be noticed that the provisions in the West Virginia Constitution resemble those of the Federal Constitution in the definition of the offense and the requirements as to evidence sustaining the overt act, but that the State Constitution goes farther than that of the United States in that it specifies the general nature of the punishment. An examination of the West Virginia code shows that the punishment, as further defined by the Legislature, shall be death, or, at the discretion of the jury, confinement in the penitentiary not less than three nor more than ten years and confiscation of the real and personal estate. Withholding knowledge of treason, attempting to justify armed insurrection by written or printed words, or engaging in an unlawful assemblage, are punishable by lesser penalties, thus indicating that these offenses are regarded as distinct from treason itself. As to what constitutes "levying war" against the State, this is largely a matter for interpretation by the court, and it appears that Judge Woods has made considerable use of Federal as well as State decisions in determining his rulings.

The acts for which the miners are on trial took place in con-

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nection with the serious outbreak of August, 1921. As a climax of years of growing hostility, during which the United Mine Workers had made repeated efforts to unionize the mine fields of Logan and Mingo counties, several hundred men assembled on August 20 at Marmet, West Virginia, with the intention of making some kind of demonstration or attack, the exact purpose of which is disputed. An important feature of the case is that the Governor had previously proclaimed martial law in Mingo County, and had sent State troops into that county to preserve order. It is the contention of the prosecution that the acts of the miners constituted a defiance of this martial law, and an intention to resist the troops.

An appeal by "Mother Jones", a well-known leader among the miners, failed to disperse them, and the armed force, picturesquely uniformed in blue overalls and red bandanna handkerchiefs, proceeded on their march. The first violence occurred at Sharples in Boone County, where a small force of State police was resisted by the miners while seeking to serve warrants upon men wanted by the Logan County authorities. Several miners were killed and from this time the march assumed much more alarming proportions. By the time the Boone-Logan county line was reached the invaders numbered about eight thousand. Don Chafin, sheriff of Logan County, raised a defending force of approximately two thousand which he commanded until, after some delay, Governor Morgan commissioned Colonel Eubanks to take charge with State troops. For over a week the opposing "armies" confronted each other over an extended mountainous battle-front in the neighborhood of Blair, and there was considerable detached fighting. On the defending side three deputy sheriffs were killed, and it was for their deaths that the indictments for murder were drawn. Probably more than twenty of the invaders lost their lives.

Much of the trouble seems to have been due to the practice of employing in the non-union mining area great numbers of deputy sheriffs who were paid not from county funds but by the coal operators, and were referred to as "mine guards". Professional gun men were also supposed to have been employed by the companies. It has been a matter of bitter comment that the

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prosecution in the treason trial was conducted not by the State's attorneys but by the operators' lawyers.

On the Governor's request, President Harding issued a proclamation, reminiscent of the language of Washington against the whisky insurgents, warning the men to disperse, but as this warning was disregarded, about 2,000 Federal troops were actually sent to the scene of the trouble. Their presence reinforced the conciliatory negotiations conducted with the marchers by General Bandholtz through the union leaders, and brought about the prompt dissipation of the whole movement.

Indictments for treason and murder were brought by the Logan County Grand Jury, and 120 of the cases were removed to Jefferson County, a farming region on the eastern border of the State, remote from the mining district. When the trial opened on April 24, the first manœuver of the defense was to move to have the indictments quashed, and on this motion Judge Woods delivered an important ruling on April 25. The motion to quash was based upon two points: the omission of the word "feloniously" from the indictment, and the general vagueness of wording. On the first point Judge Woods said:

> The position taken by the defendants is that . . . treason is a felony. In a sense, that is true. But still treason, in itself, is an offense of a particular kind and character and of a higher dignity than a mere felony. Treason is an offense against the State, against the sovereignty of the State. All other crimes, while offenses against the State, . . . are yet primarily offenses against individuals. . . . The proper word to describe the intent in treason is "traitorously", and that word, I think, is sufficiently conclusive to include the whole criminal intent that is necessary to be alleged in an indictment for treason.

Judge Woods found greater difficulty in dealing with the second point in the demurrer—the vagueness of the indictment—and admitted that this matter had caused him some perplexity. He settled the matter temporarily by overruling the objection, adding that the same question might be presented later on motion in arrest of judgment.

"To destroy and nullify by force of arms, violence, murder and open warfare martial law in . . . Mingo County," "to release persons . . . legally arrested and incarcerated," "to prevent the execution of the laws," and "to deprive the peo-

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ple . . . of the protection afforded by the laws" in Logan and Mingo counties, "especially to destroy and nullify martial law in . . . Mingo County and to nullify the proclamation of the Chief Executive of the State"—these were the counts in the indictment which the defense objected to as vague and indefinite. After a full reasoning, Judge Woods concluded that the acts alleged fitted the counts of the indictment and he did not find any formal or substantial defects sufficient to overrule it.

In his ruling the judge called attention to those sections of the West Virginia code which deal with the calling out of State troops and with unlawful assemblages in resistance thereto. When the troops have been called out in the prescribed manner and under the proper circumstances to suppress a riot or tumult, and warning has been given for the assemblage to disperse, anyone who "wilfully and intentionally fails to do so as soon as practicable is guilty of a felony, and shall on conviction be imprisoned in the penitentiary for not less than one nor more than two years." If this provision of the code should be taken as applicable to the miners, then their guilt was felony, not treason under the statutes, and their penalty would be much lighter than if the treason charge should hold. It would still remain, however, for the courts to apply the constitutional definition of treason as superior to the code. "Any act that would constitute treason under the constitutional provision," said Judge Woods, "would have to be pronounced treason by the courts, even though the Legislature might have pronounced it a different offense."

One phase of the controversy in which the defense scored a point was in obtaining a ruling that each defendant must be tried separately, and that for each defendant a bill of particulars must be filed, specifying the overt acts of each and the time and place of his connection with the alleged crimes. Besides prolonging and complicating the trial, this placed a heavy burden upon the State in the presentation of its evidence, since in a case where thousands joined in an armed march it was practically impossible to specify the overt act of each one. Proceeding on this plan of separate trials, the prosecution selected, as the first prisoner to be tried, William Blizzard, a local official of the Miners' Union, a man who was not only a prominent organizer,

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but who figured as a leader on the armed march. The proceedings from that point consisted chiefly in the elaborate testimony of many witnesses concerning the details of the march and of Blizzard's connection with it. Blizzard's selection came as something of a surprise, since the expectation was that this distinction would be accorded to C. F. Keeney, president of the Mine Workers' district organization, or to Fred Mooney, secretary of that organization.

Relying upon the doctrine that "in treason all are principals", the State sought to prove that an overt act was committed, and contended that all who participated in the conspiracy were traitors in the full sense. On this point John Marshall wrote as follows in the famous Bollman and Swartwout case:

> It is not the intention of the court to say that no individual can be guilty of this crime who has not appeared in arms against his country. On the contrary, if war be actually levied, that is, if a body of men be actually assembled for the purpose of effecting by force a treasonable purpose, all those persons who perform any part, however minute, or however remote from the scene of action, and who are actually leagued in the general conspiracy, are to be considered as traitors. (*4 Cranch*, 75, 126.)

It is true that Marshall resorted to some rather ingenious "explaining" in reconciling this doctrine with the Burr decision, but there was no real inconsistency, since in the case of Burr no levying of war was actually proved, and it was for this reason that the collateral evidence connecting Burr with the assemblage on the island was excluded, and not because such evidence was fundamentally irrelevant. The doctrine of the Bollman case as to the equal criminality of accessories and principals *in case the overt act is proved* still holds good.

The Blizzard trial consumed a month and developed a striking diversity between the two sides, not only as to legal contentions but as to the facts as well. Attorneys for the prosecution contended that the miners' march was more than murder, more than an unlawful assemblage, that it was war waged to destroy the sovereignty of the State, and that the very life of the State itself was at stake. They sought to show that Blizzard participated in every part of the movement, that he addressed the miners before the march, led several hundred marchers, procured

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ammunition, and in general stood out as the man having greatest authority. Being required by the court to select which overt act it would rely upon for conviction, and being forced to select some act performed in Logan County where alone the court in which the defendant was indicted could have jurisdiction, the State announced that it would rely upon the presence of the defendant with the armed marchers in Logan County.

The defense maintained that the march was intended to make a peaceable demonstration, that the purpose was in no way treasonable, that no assault upon the Logan jail or the sheriff was intended, that the men were moved by a desire to protect their homes against thugs whom they understood to have been employed by their opponents, and that without the aggression of the State police there need have been no bloodshed. As to Blizzard's activities, witnesses for the defense testified that during all the time of the march and the fighting he was in District 17 headquarters at Charles Town, and that he only went into Logan County at the request of General Bandholtz to induce the miners to turn back.

When the prosecution had finished its testimony, Blizzard's attorneys made an interesting manœuver. Contending that the State had failed to offer evidence sufficient for the jury's consideration, they presented a motion to strike out the evidence and direct a verdict of acquittal. Judge Woods overruled the motion in an opinion which contained a significant passage on the general subject of State treason. The defense had contended that under our dual form of government there can be no such thing as treason against a State. The judge pointed out that the Federal Constitution itself recognizes the crime of treason against a State in that clause which provides for the rendition of any person charged with "treason, felony or other crime" (against the laws of the State) who may have fled to another State.

The State Governments, he argued, parted with only a portion of their sovereignty upon entering the Union under the Constitution. They remain in possession of all the great police powers, and they control those domestic matters which concern the people directly, including the protection of persons and property against violence. He continued:

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> If we can imagine such a thing as the total destruction of the State Government, . . . we would picture to ourselves a condition . . . far more calamitous to the people of that State than would be the condition of the whole country if the Federal Government should be abandoned. . . . Anarchy would follow the destruction of the State Government, but not of the Federal Government. The State has citizens and is under the obligation to protect them in all their rights; it is under the obligation of punishing those who infringe on their rights. . . . Every citizen of the State owes . . . loyalty and allegiance. It would be a strange condition indeed if that Government should be vested with all the authority and power necessary to protect every individual within its borders, and yet be denied power to protect its own life.

Turning to the question as to whether the State's evidence was such as is proper to support an indictment for treason, the judge held that levying war does not necessarily imply a purpose to destroy the Government, but if there is an effort to coerce the Government by force of arms, and make the Government yield for any special object to the will of those who exert such force, that would be war against the State and would be treason.

On May 27 the initial case in the miners' docket was terminated by the acquittal of Blizzard. Further treason proceedings were then postponed while the court proceeded with the murder cases. Once again the difficulty of obtaining in this country a conviction for the grave offense of treason has been made evident. Whatever may be the legal refinements of the subject, treason to a jury means a determined, forcible defiance of the Government, involving a real menace to organized society, and the tendency of American juries to take a liberal and sympathetic view toward what may be called "near treason" seems now so well confirmed that convictions are to be expected only in the clearest and most extreme cases.

JAMES G. RANDALL.

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THE MIRROR OF THE QUAI D'ORSAY

BY STÈPHANE LAUZANNE

THE Quai d'Orsay, like all self-respecting buildings where diplomacy reigns, is massive and solid; but in sharp contrast with the building that houses the State Department a bit higher up, and that of the Foreign Office, about which the tumult of the city is rife, it is situated in the calming shade of the trees that line the banks of the Seine. The waters of the river that at times flow turbulently beneath its windows seem destined to recall to the diplomats gathered in the historic building the tempests and wrecks of the past, in order that they may guard themselves in the future. With equal symbolism, the lordly trees that wave their fresh green frondage along the river-bank seem to call them to higher things—the ideal of the sun and the sky. In fact, the Quai d'Orsay is perhaps the very French Ministry where most harmony exists, and where tradition is most tenacious. At any event, it is the French Ministry that has the most beautiful table about which weighty matters of state are settled.

This table had long graced the private sanctum of the Minister himself. It dates from the eighteenth century, and is the work of the finest cabinet-maker France had ever known—a man of the name of Migeon, who was gold- and silversmith of Louis XV. It was on this table that one of the most glorious treaties of the world was signed, a treaty dear to the hearts of both French and Americans, that of 1783, which proclaimed the Independence of the United States of America.

It is said that, some years ago, a newly named Minister of Foreign Affairs made his way to the Quai d'Orsay, where the head usher showed him in and conducted him through the salons of the Ministry. When they reached the private sanctum, the usher stopped respectfully before the famous table, and explained with charming ingenuity: "This, Monsieur le Ministre, is the desk of the late Comte Charles Gravier de Vergennes, who was

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the greatest Secretary of State the old French monarchy ever had. It is all that remains of him."

He might have added that this table is more than a table—it is the mirror of the Quai d'Orsay. It has reflected the image of all the Ministers of Foreign Affairs that France has had for the past hundred and forty years. It has seen many men and has heard many a weighty secret. It is a fragment of world history.

Very curiously, this mirror is always being shifted from one place to another. The first time I saw it, it stood near the window. M. Delcassé, one of the best known Ministers of the Third Republic, placed it there. M. Delcassé was a lover of light and sunshine. And for seven years he was there practically every day, working at his table near the window that overlooks the garden. For seven years, without consulting anybody, and without worrying about the events that passed over his head, he grasped the map of the world in his two hands and endeavored to give it a new gravitation. England, Russia, Italy, Spain—all turned in the orbit of France. Alas! All this was destined to end in a tragedy.

One evening in June, 1905, M. Delcassé entered his private sanctum for the last time, and for the last time sat down at the table of Comte de Vergennes, near the window. He was no longer Minister of Foreign Affairs. At a stormy council held at the Elysée, that morning, he had been obliged to tender his resignation. The Premier, M. Maurice Rouvier, and all his colleagues had disapproved his energetic attitude towards Germany in regard to the Morocco imbroglio. M. Delcassé sat down, pale but calm. He had all his files, his pencils and his bloc-notes removed, leaving only one sheet of paper, which he folded four times, and placed in the table-drawer. As he was about to leave, the Premier was announced. "Ask him to come in" he replied.

M. Rouvier entered. He shrugged his shoulders as if he wanted to rid himself of some heavy and annoying burden: "I am sorry for what occurred at the Council of Ministers this morning," he began in a voice that halted with embarrassment.

M. Delcassé cut him short with a movement of his hand. "Let us talk of other things," he interrupted. "That is of secondary

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importance. I must pass the service to you, as you will replace me as Minister of Foreign Affairs. My collaborators will let you have all the files; but here, I want to give you this document myself."

He opened the drawer of the table, and took out the only sheet of paper remaining. It was a copy of a secret telegram sent by the Prince Von Radolin, then German Ambassador in Paris, to Prince Von Bulow, then Chancellor of the German Empire, April 27, 1907. It had been deciphered by the cryptographic service of the Ministry. Its conclusion was rather strange, and ran thus: "*M. Rouvier, the Prime Minister, dined at the Germany Embassy. He told me that he had a deep admiration for our Kaiser. Twice, he assured me that France wanted peace at any price, and that she is no longer nursing a spirit of revenge. He then asked me whether it was possible to negotiate the question of Morocco between his Ministry and ours. About ten minutes before the dinner, a confident of M. Rouvier told me that the Premier will willingly let M. Delcassé fall. . . .*" So, M. Delcassé had been dismissed to please the Kaiser. Between the two men there was no explanation, not a word, not a movement. Their eyes alone looked into each other, and the silence spoke for itself. M. Delcassé then rose, and left M. Rouvier to himself.

The first thing that M. Rouvier did was to move the table, the famous table of Comte de Vergennes. He caused it to be placed far from the window, near the fireplace. It was quite natural. Rouvier was a financier. And financiers like the roaring fire and the half shadows cast about a darkened room. His conception of international politics was much like that of many other financiers, that between nations there are no questions of sentiment, but questions of more material interest. He therefore felt that he could arrange the affairs of the nation much as he arranged the affairs of a bank.

"I do not understand," he often said, shrugging his shoulders, "that France can be on bad terms with Germany. It is ridiculous. Our situation is that of two individuals who, living in the same house, meet each other on the stairs all the time and never salute each other. That can only end in mutual enmity, insults and blows. As we must live together, it is best to be on good terms with each other."

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He tried to get together with Germany; but he did not succeed. Every day Germany, having obtained a concession in the morning, asked for another in the evening. The situation became impossible. It could only arrange itself on one condition, that France abandon everything and get nothing in return. Every day the theory laid down by M. Delcassé was justified: "If we give Germany our little finger, she will take our hand, then our arm, then our shoulder, and then our entire body." One year later M. Rouvier left, having arranged nothing, and having come within an inch of compromising everything.

The table of the Comte de Vergennes then saw a procession of Ministers pass before it; and the mirror of the Quai d'Orsay reflected a whole series of physiognomies.

M. Léon Bourgeois, the indefatiguable apostle of international conciliation, who has the face of a High Priest and the spirit of a philosopher, passed before it; as did M. Stephen Pichon, who was indulgent and peaceable. He was clear sighted and listened to good counsel voluntarily, save when the telephone bell announced M. Clémenceau. Then he saw nothing and heard nothing. His voice became shaky and his hands trembled as with the palsy. The Tiger had for some time placed his heavy paw upon his shoulder; and he was fearfully afraid of the claws. After him came M. Jean Cruppi, who put the table back to its old place beside the window; but, unlike M. Delcassé, he placed upon it a whole series of strong-boxes: he was afraid of thieves as much as of the indiscreet, and shut up all his papers and all his letters in these reënforced boxes, locked and padlocked. Were it possible, he would have shut himself up in one of his own safes.

Finally, one morning of January, 1912, a man of small stature, with the head of a Lorrain, energetic and stubborn, entered the bureau of the Ministry at the Quai d'Orsay. It was the same man who was one day to be President of the Republic; it was the same little man who is to-day Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Raymond Poincaré. His eyes, clear and straightforward, examined the table of the Comte de Vergennes with a sort of sympathetic affection. He seemed to say: "Here's a table upon which one can work well." He had it replaced facing

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the fireplace, and carefully attended to the arrangement of the lamp above it. "I like lamps that give good light," he remarked to the attendant, "so that I can read easily."

A little door between the private office of the Minister and that of his immediate aides opened, and an aide entered, his arms full of voluminous reports. His features were not exempt of anxiety and apprehension as he murmured: "Monsieur le Président, I beg you to excuse me. These papers are heavy as they are long: they deal with the Moroccan question. . . ."

But the features of the Minister, cold and austere as a rule, lighted up with joy, "Ah!", he exclaimed, his voice clear as a clarion call to battle, "that's what I call a splendid case." He seemed to caress the thought of the work ahead of him; and he posed the heavy reports upon his table, as if he were placing an infant in its cradle, as if he were setting down some artistic treasure handed down in his family as a priceless heirloom. . . . By that evening, he had read everything, noted everything, and classed everything. And taking a large sheet of foolscap, he traced upon it with a firm hand a multitude of finely written lines. His writing is strange, small and rapid; but not a word is deletable, there is not an erasure, not a single accent is forgotten, not a punctuation misplaced; and the alignment of his paragraphs are as impeccable as a battalion of chasseurs on parade!

After that, M. Raymond Poincaré edited a multitude of other letters, acts and reports. He is still writing extraordinarily. For, of all the statesmen of the Third Republic, it is he who has been seen to write the most. He writes all his speeches, and thanks to an unusual feat of memory he can recall word for word just because he has written them. When he speaks, he sees in his mind's eye the very paper upon which he has written, with every line before him as clearly as if he had them before his eyes in black and white. Every sign that he traced upon the white paper is also indelibly traced upon the delicate filaments of his memory. This phenomena has developed itself to such a point, that should by chance the slightest erasure appear on the original manuscript of one of his speeches, his voice hesitates a bit as he reaches the part erased. One day, during an official

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ceremony, after he had delivered one of his famous speeches, and the lights were being put out, he called a reporter of the Agence Havas, and remarked: "You have the original manuscript of my speech, I believe? . . . . Will you be so kind as to look through the third paragraph of the fourth page, where I changed a word? I said '*everlasting* France', instead of '*immortal* France'."

This is indeed a wonderful feat of memory! For those who have such a memory are able to learn and never forget. If the table of the Comte de Vergennes could talk, it would say that it loves M. Raymond Poincaré, for it is a table with all the old traditions of France behind it; and France loves to work and those who work. It loves order and method, which much more than genius have often saved it from destruction.

No doubt that M. Raymond Poincaré himself also loved the table of the Comte de Vergennes, for, one day, looking at it tenderly, he exclaimed: "This table should no longer be here: its place is in the Louvre." And the mirror of the Quai d'Orsay, which had seen so many men reflected in its heart, which had become a fixture in the history of three monarchies, two empires, and three republics, went quietly to its well earned rest in the palace of the past, the Museum of the Louvre.

Yet, those who to-day visit M. Raymond Poincaré at the Quai d'Orsay may see in his private sanctum a table that is the exact copy of that of the Comte de Vergennes—every little feature has been reproduced with minute exactitude—so that those who do not know would still imagine themselves before the original. It has been there since 1913, and it will no doubt stay there forever.

On August 2, 1914, a man was sitting at this table. His face was pale, and his eyes were feverish. This man, M. René Viviani, as a rule nervous and temperamental, was that day unusually cold and calm. About five o'clock in the afternoon the telephone bell rang, and he answered it himself. A voice, with a foreign accent, announced Mr. Myron T. Herrick, the American Ambassador to France. "I know," he said, "that the German Ambassador will soon hand you the formal declaration of war. I also know that I shall be requested to take over

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the interests of the German Embassy in France. But there is one thing I want you to know, and that is that I shall never fly any other flag on my Embassy than that of America. God help France!"

Of what the American Ambassador said, M. Viviani understood but one thing—that there was no longer any hope of peace, that in but another hour war would be declared on his country.

"My first thought," he said later on, "was for America. I knew her to be great and generous. She was our sister Republic. I wanted her to take over the protection of our citizens, and, later on, of our prisoners in Germany. I sat at my table and immediately dictated a pressing appeal, addressed to Mr. James W. Gerard, the American Ambassador in Berlin. I requested him to be kind enough, in the event of there ever being a rupture in the relations between France and Germany, kindly to consent to take possession of the records of our embassy and to watch over the interests of our countrymen. The telegram was sent off at once. It was not yet on the wire when Herr Von Schoen was announced, and handed me the declaration of war that Mr. Herrick had already indicated would soon be delivered. I did not try to discuss the matter with him. I did not try to argue. I simply took his paper and said: 'All right! France has been without reproach: she will be without fear.'"

Those were the last words that the departing German Ambassador heard from a French mouth. But, for three weeks, the same telephone that transmitted the message of Ambassador Herrick transmitted many other communications that were as full of anguish and as poignant as the first. Yet, every day, one voice dominated all the others: it was the quiet spoken and calm voice of Joffre, who, telephoning from his headquarters, invariably repeated without a quiver, "Nothing is lost! Nothing is to be despaired of. . . . We must wait, we must have hope. . . . We must have confidence! Everything is going well! Let us have confidence!"

The walls of the Quai d'Orsay also heard other voices—voices that were not transmitted by the telephone—and they witnessed other scenes. On September 1, 1914, they heard the famous

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dialogue between the head of the Government and General Galliéni, who had been named Governor of Paris. "General," M. Viviani said, "the Government will confide to you the defence of the Capital."

"The defence of the Capital?" the old soldier replied; "You know what that means, Monsieur le Président. It means that we shall fight from street to street. It means that we must sacrifice all the monuments, all the art of Paris."

"I know what that means," M. Viviani retorted. "You may sacrifice everything; but you must fight to the very end."

And several hours later, a Council of Ministers was assembled at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The Premier announced that General Galliéni had demanded that the Government leave Paris, and install itself at Bordeaux. Several Ministers discussed the wisdom of this eventuality. They proposed that the Government stay until the last possible moment. "We can have automobiles ready to leave at any hour of the day or night. Should the Germans come in by one gate, then only will the Ministers leave by another."

"No!" M. Viviani replied sternly, "We shall leave now or not at all. I am ready to leave; but I am not ready to fly before the enemy."

Later, in 1917, these same walls witnessed another scene that was equally strange. The Government, presided over by M. Ribot, had decided to accord to French Socialists the right to go to Russia to talk to the Bolshevist leaders who had successfully carried out their counter-revolution. Then a man presented himself before the Premier, and declared in a voice that cut like steel, "Monsieur le Président, rather than to see the French Socialists go to Russia, I would much rather have the entire German Army on my hands." The authorization which had been accorded the Socialists was immediately withdrawn; for General Petain had spoken.

To-day, the mirror of the Quai d'Orsay is being given a respite. It is still in the same place, in the middle of the room, facing the large fireplace, not far from the garden window, through which one gets a glimpse of stalwart trees that raise their green fronds above the tranquil vista. The very man who labored

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over the table-top in 1912 is there now. M. Raymond Poincaré is at his task as in the past, working continually and without let-up, working day and night, endeavoring to bring some order out of the chaos through which Europe is now floundering, working in order that his country, which had definitely won the War, shall not definitely lose the Peace.

The other day, I was beset with the curiosity to see the original mirror of the Quai d'Orsay—the historic table upon which had been signed the *good* Treaty of Versailles, that of 1783, which liberated America. I found it in the Gallery of Apollo in the Louvre. It was placed next to the table upon which Louis XIV had carried on his correspondence, beneath immortal paintings portraying bevies of charming princesses. Yet, despite the fact that it was exactly like its copy at the Quai d'Orsay, it had something incomparably majestic about it, something I could not define. It had perhaps seen lesser leaders of the world; those who had bent over its top were perhaps less hard-working; but it has also seen less international cupidity, less international selfishness. It had perhaps not seen greater men than has its successor; but it had also seen less political chicanery, certainly less meanness.

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Paris, August, 1922.

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THE LABORER AND THE LADY

BY JOHN CORBIN

We have been accustomed to think of the manual worker as a victim—victim of the Industrial Revolution that in a little more than a century has transformed all living. But neither sociologist nor historian has recognized a fact, quite demonstrable to those who will see it, that his cause is bound up with the cause of a strangely assorted companion in misery, a companion whom he neither loves nor in any way considers, the woman of the middle class. It is true that their misfortunes are widely different, so different that one rubs one's eyes at realizing that they have a common cause. To the laborer the factory has brought grinding toil; to the lady it has brought deprivation of all productive function—everything that, since the far dawn of family life, has made her self-supporting, self-respecting. There is a further difference. Though the laborer has been a victim, he has already found a means of escape. Through his unions he has magnificently resisted oppression; in the doctrines of equality and democracy he has the promise of transcendent power, industrial as well as political. If he is victim of the present he is also protagonist of a future deeply portentous. In brief, what the lady has lost in productivity and in amplitude of life—all that and more—the laborer is winning, has won. It is a strange duel, this, between antagonists who have no thought of each other, are scarcely aware of each other's existence. What is to be the end of it?

First, let us pause to consider how far we have come since the dawn of the Industrial Revolution. The substance of our thought, social as well as political, has been largely made over. The process has been gradual, for the most part insensible; but it has been none the less profound—none the less ominous to the woman well born and well bred, to the middle class home.

When the Constitution was framed the nation faced formidable

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problems. Individual States were jealous of one another. For fear it might be taken for only a small Commonwealth, lose its equality under the union, Rhode Island insisted on having two Senators, quite like New York. Senators were an asset in those days. To-day Senators have dwindled and States are no longer sticklers for the theory of equality. Rhode Islanders are citizens of "the greatest nation on earth" but Rhode Island is only as large as it is. That question was faced and solved at the outset; not so the question of State Sovereignty. To placate the South, nothing was said about slavery in the instrument of our liberty, about secession in the instrument of our union. So we had the Civil War. To-day the negro is as free as seems humanly possible and the nation is one and indivisible. Those issues, too, are as past—dead as the jealousy of Rhode Island for New York. It is a fact of prime importance: Everywhere the old local spirit has been submerged in a sense of common nationality.

One other question the Constitution evaded—whether the National Government should be weak or strong. It has been settled, or all but settled, by a peaceful process of growth. When Washington and Hamilton assumed office they sought to make the Nation organic and functional. An opposing party, largely created by Jefferson and ultimately led by him to victory, distrusted authority in all forms. Though they despaired of the glorious "unrestraint" of the life of the Indians, they exalted individual freedom, denounced central authority. Yet our deeper instincts have always been national. The structure of the Federalists stood. Of all Hamilton's "monocratic" measures, which Jefferson so bitterly, vindictively, assailed as leader of an irresponsible opposition, he did not venture to alter one, not one, when the tide of the new democracy swept him into power. More than that, he was the first to give rein to another deep national instinct which equalitarians among us still denounce as Imperialism. He bought Louisiana from the monocrat Napoleon and, instead of administering it as a free dependency, he governed it in Napoleon's own monocratic manner, as a subject colony—though he knew very well that in doing all this he made the Constitution, as he expressed it, "waste paper." Down to the present our "Empire"—the term is Washington's—has

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widened always and has been in the main administered in the high spirit of liberty. Yet always the central government has consolidated its power. The Civil War gave to Federalism, the functions of union, a constitutional basis. The spreading growth of industry, and its rapid integration on a national scale, have given it a magnitude and diversity of responsibility which, though Hamilton foresaw it quite clearly in a general way, was beyond the power of any mortal mind to grasp in its complexity, its immensity. We do not yet know how far the federal power may extend in the world of business, even in the more personal affairs of the citizen, but so much is certain: Whatever the doctrinary democrat may say, the Federalist programme of Washington and Hamilton is an accomplished fact, firm and irrevocable. In proportion as the local spirit has faded, the national spirit has intensified.

There was only one other great issue. It was latent in 1787 and for the most part unsuspected, but it was destined to sow new seeds of internal strife and disruption, to transform the status of the lady—the opposition between rich and poor. The well-to-do had always led—manorial farmers, merchant traders, professional men. It was they who organized the Revolution, who framed our Constitution and gave it the bent of their genius while they administered it. Democracy was a word they avoided, an idea they distrusted. Those fit to lead were to that extent people apart, with a special scale of life, special resources. No one really objected, for the differences between man and man were not articulate, being by no means oppressive. Land was plenty and farming the principal, almost the only, occupation; ability, even mediocrity, was free to rise—did rise. The institutions of liberty functioned. Yet the doctrine of a universal and "natural" equality had been enshrined in the Declaration of Independence—and envy is always with us. Eventually Jefferson, whose political instinct was as deep and practical as his "philosophy" was shallow and doctrinary, recognized a strategic opportunity.

Rejecting the whole-visioned, unfactional government of the best which Washington dreamed, he accomplished his much vaunted "Revolution of 1800"—in effect creating the class

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struggle half a century before Karl Marx. Conciliatory as was the intention of his inaugural address, the consciousness of having launched a new era breathes through it; he never ceased to vaunt his revolution as of equal moment with the Revolution of 1776. The credulous, narrow-minded gossip as to those perilous "monocrats" and "Anglomen", Hamilton and Washington, which he spread in his *Anas*, was probably not altogether inspired by an underhand, personal malice; it had also the purpose of recording for posterity the nature of the menace from which he had delivered his countrymen, the full scope of the opportunity which his Democratic Revolution had opened to them.

Doubtless there was a measure of truth in both his hopes and fears. Hamilton saw too vividly the envy, cupidity, thoughtlessness, of our national character—trusted too fully in the splendid rectitude, vigor and public beneficence of the institutions he was helping Washington to create. Doubtless also there was a genuine if superficial spirit of fraternity in Jefferson's democracy, an optimism as to American character which in some measure has been justified. Our national tradition is ampler, richer, warmer for the "Revolution of 1800". But all that will avail us little if the postulates upon which Jefferson founded it were false and if, through thick as through thin, we continue to act on them.

Of all the issues present or latent in 1787, that of equality and democracy is the only one that survives as a menace. More than that, it has grown hugely, enormously, until Jefferson himself, if he could see our plight, would be appalled. For, in spite of his "philosophy" and his affectation of a homespun equality, the architect of Monticello can only have loved beauty and distinction, believed that it is the prerogative of the able and the wise to lead. His beautiful mansion is an original creation quite apart from the Georgian movement and essentially superior to it. True, it is the work of an amateur. Jefferson played by ear not only in fiddling and in statesmanship but in his supreme accomplishment of architecture. But where Inigo Jones and Wren derived from Palladio, he had the purity of taste to go straight to the classic Roman architecture. His style of living

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was grandly exclusive, his house planned with amazing skill, as the traveler may see to-day, to obliterate all sight of his many servants, all that busy human contact with them which was inevitable and manifestly welcomed in other manorial households, notably Mount Vernon. Washington housed his artisans and laborers substantially within a stone's throw of his industrial manor, and mingled with them freely; but Jefferson housed his slaves in distant dug-outs, wretchedly unwholesome, made them approach his manor through a tunneled passage and go about their ministrations in hidden halls and stairways.

This is the democrat who received the British Ambassador in slovenly homespun shorts and carpet slippers, who denounced Washington's simple dignity as monarchical. Henry Adams remarks in his *History* that, whereas John Marshall was among the most approachable and (as Marshall would *not* have said) democratic of our Revolutionary statesmen, Jefferson was, in his personal instincts, the most aristocratic. Land being the basis of independent seclusion, the great democrat scorned city life and looked to the future of the nation as purely agricultural. Hamilton recognized the vast sources of prosperity made possible by mechanized industry and, as a pupil of Adam Smith, foresaw that its development was inevitable in all countries; so he urged an intelligent preparation for it. Jefferson, as he tells us in his still delightful *Notes on Virginia* (1782), hoped to keep our nation free from its toils. "Those who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God. . . . The mobs of great cities add just so much to the support of pure government as sores do to the strength of the human body." To the angry protests of our incipient industrial population he added this soothing word, unconsciously and ironically prophetic. As yet, he wrote, American workmen were "independent and moral" and would "continue so as long as there are vacant lands for them to resort to". He little suspected that within a single century free land many times the area of the thirteen States would be taken up, that long before then democracy would wear a different front toward the kindliest sage, the most patronizing philosopher. He could not foresee that his Democratic Revolution would be met and be reënforced by a revolution far more subversive.

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Thanks to the Industrial Revolution, undreamed in 1782, the nation is to-day richer than ever before, better fed, better housed, better educated. Yet there is a sore on the body politic. The city poor are multitudinous, wretchedly bound in servitude. It is not merely that, in the absence of available land, they are tied to their machines, held fast in dreary manufacturing districts to a mechanical monotony of toil. That fate is varied, though not improved, by periods of racking overtime, alternating with periods of unemployment that are even more demoralizing. The envy of the lowly, which Jefferson philosophically indulged and played upon for his political ends, is sharpened by every period of deprivation, spurred on by every pang of hunger—tantalized always by newspaper exploitation of the follies of the conscienceless rich. Against those who are abler and happier this envy has one present remedy, the doctrine enunciated in the Declaration of Independence and made a political force in the Revolution of 1800—the doctrine of equality, democracy. When the class struggle which Jefferson created in cunningly mingled self-interest and kindliness joined hands with the Industrial Revolution, both took on a grimmer reality, the articulate demand of which is—still another revolution, the most sinister of all. For if men are really equal they are equal not merely in politics but in all things. That is the essence of Proudhon's declaration, forty years after Jefferson's revolution, that property is theft; of Marx's demand that the "expropriators" be "expropriated"; of the Bolshevists' and Guild Socialists' programme of industrial democracy. If there is truth in the Jeffersonian maxim, it is the right of the Demos to rule not only the political state but that which alone gives it vitality in the world of to-day, its great productive industries.

It is only on the surface that this present conflict lies between workman and employer, between Socialist and Capitalist. In its deeper and more vital aspects it is, though all unconsciously, a conflict between laborer and lady. By exacting wage increases at the expense of the lady's natural helpmeet—the manager, the technician, the professional man—organized labor has already made huge inroads upon the middle-class scale of living, its vigor and fecundity. That we know. A greater danger lies in the

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future. What of the new Socialism with its programme of industrial democracy? Would it not write finis to all the well-bred woman holds dearest, the labor of love and the life of the cultivated, the aspiring home? If the Industrial Revolution and the Revolution of 1800 join hands for good and all, is not civilization doomed to perish once more as it has perished in the past through the extinction of the educated, the educable, and the rise to power of what in ancient times was called the freedman? Or is it possible that there are the seeds of progress in what to-day seems merely subversive—that the Democratic Revolution can be modified and the Industrial Revolution somehow converted into a spiral of advancement, raising laborer and lady both to higher levels of living—and the whole nation with them?

It is not an easy problem. It differs not only in magnitude but in kind from all others our country has faced. To the question of federal expansion and organic federal functioning there was from the start only one answer. To the question of slavery and secession there were at most a brace of answers—one American State or many. In the present nationwide struggle of labor against capital, complicated as it is by the nationwide struggle of industrial democracy against middle-class distinction, if either faction were to triumph decisively, imposing its will upon the others, it would mean the end of liberty—the one great spiritual heritage of the Nation.

It is a curious reflection upon the competence of modern sociology that only labor and its champions have dealt at all realistically, progressively, with this problem of the Industrial Revolution. "Conservative" writers look backward, ignoring the fact that, like conservation, conservatism is important only as it meets the needs of an advancing and ever enlarging future. In even the most righteous demands of organized labor they see a crudely inverted tyranny. In the inexorable forces that are integrating our industries on a national scale, they see only a "conspiracy", a "restraint of trade", and impose against it a restatement of the ancient common law—anti-trust legislation that envelopes them in a mesh of obvious inconsistencies and flagrant ineptitudes. The tangle of our anti-trust laws as interpreted and re-interpreted by the courts has resulted from our

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fumbling effort to solve twentieth century problems by applying the legal concepts that were already ancient in the eighteenth century. Everywhere there is the same confusion. The need of discriminating standards in citizenship, that shall keep our institution sound and strong, providing adequate service in peace as in war, is ignored as incompatible with equality, impossible in a democracy. Compulsory education we have; but against more fundamental projects of raising the national standards of birth and breeding, "conservatives" invoke all the eighteenth century conceptions of personal freedom. Yet unchecked competition and *laissez-faire* individualism were doomed at the very dawn of the Industrial Revolution, and not merely in economics but in sociology. The only question that remains is what, if anything, can take their place and still leave the essence of freedom unimpaired—a question seldom asked and never answered. So likewise to redress the wrong which the Industrial Revolution has wrought upon the middle-class woman and her home, the only remedy we have devised is the ancient panacea of political equality—a vote without a programme.

The laborer has faced the Industrial Revolution with a forward looking programme —in fact two programmes. They are worth a moment's scrutiny as pointing the way to us others.

The first is the pragmatical programme of the old-line trade unionist of the nineteenth century—better wages, better working conditions. Thanks to our wealth of natural resources and to the energetic skill of the American workman, that programme has prospered abundantly—superabundantly. Even before the war the wages of labor, and especially of unionized labor, were out of proportion to those of the vast majority of brain workers. The cost of living, in which the major factor is wages, laid an ever increasing pressure upon the middle-class home. This inequity was redoubled by the war. Taking advantage of the national crisis, of the peril that confronted the freedom of the whole world, the unions exacted increase after increase of pay; and, as they did so, Mr. Gompers proclaimed that "labor would never surrender" the gains thus perilously achieved. It proved an empty boast. Eventually the sway of economic forces again asserted itself. Few things are as instructive, especially to the middle

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class and its women, as the shifts and dodges of organized labor in its effort to escape its banquet of crow.

One of the means by which bureaus of labor ingratiate the power that has created them, including the bureau at Washington, is by drawing up schedules of the cost of a "decent" or "American" standard of living. When the deflation of wages set in, in 1921, such calculations figured largely in labor arbitrations. As "economic advisor" for certain New York pressmen and paper-handlers, Mr. George Soule "of the Labor Bureau, Inc.," produced an official statement showing that "the minimum amount necessary for a laborer to support his family in New York" was $2,333.99. The wages of job pressmen were $2,135, or $199 less than this, and they were asked to accept a reduction. To the Labor Bureau, Inc., this was a scandal. Would the arbitrators consent to imposing an un-American standard of living? No reference was made to the cold facts with regard to American incomes as revealed in current returns of the income tax. Out of a population of 10,384,144 in the State, less than three quarters of a million individuals, or 742,704, made returns on incomes of $1,000 or over. Those who received $2,000 or over, including job pressmen and their like, numbered far less than half a million, 433,200. Now on the basis of five members to the family, which is that used in arriving at the "American" wage of $2,333.99, there are more than two million families in the State (2,076,828). Thus the families living on less than $2,000 a year, not to mention that exquisitely exact figure, $2,333.99, outnumber those who share the fortune of job pressmen almost four to one. In the nation as a whole, those who reported incomes of over $2,000 numbered 2,908,176—less than three per cent of the total population and less than one head of a family in seven. And the Labor Bureau, Inc., neglected the fact that in many workmen's families the older sons and daughters contribute to the income.

In discussing a similar problem, Mr. Charles M. Schwab said: "We talk of a minimum of living wage for the individual, but the community itself must be allowed to live." That is a fact to which organized labor is resolutely blind. How the working community outside of labor unions manages, is a long familiar tragedy. The average salary of university professors, assistant

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professors and instructors is less than this wage claimed for job pressmen. The average salary of ministers was, in 1916, $735 and is still much less than $1,000. A vigorous campaign has long been waging in our churches to give the spiritual leaders of the nation "a parsonage and $1,500 a year". Naturally arbitrators in labor disputes paid small heed to labor bureaus incorporated and their ninety-nine cents.

At the Denver meeting of the American Federation of Labor Mr. Gompers gave an engaging twist to the demand for an "American" wage. The Railway Labor Board was in session, dealing quite sensibly and by no means severely with wage schedules that in the case of conductors and engine drivers approximated the average salary of full professors in our universities and of the governors of our States. So Mr. Gompers affected to scorn the requirements of mere food, clothes and housing, as to which, by the figures supplied from his own Labor Bureaus, he hadn't a leg to stand on. Instead he demanded for the American worker the wherewithal for the larger life—cultural opportunities. As he subsequently expressed the same idea, the hog has his sty and his swill but the American laborer demands something better. The fact is, of course, that not only cultural opportunities but wealth and power have always been open to those who can and will work for them; that is the ultimate triumph of our free institutions. In spite of the fact that college graduates have, on the average, one-child families, in spite of the low level of American wages as revealed by the income tax returns, our universities are frequented as never before. The immediate followers of Mr. Gompers may have been flattered by his concern for their advancement in culture; but other effect there was none.

Obviously, the old-line unionist has reached an impasse. In the matter of wages he has, by all national standards, achieved justice and more than justice; and beyond wages neither he nor his leaders have any clear programme. The idea of a share in the dignity and responsibility of industrial management seems to them quixotic. All that remains is the familiar output of bluster and verbiage—against employers, against congress, against the courts. That, and not Mr. Gompers's sturdy years, is the cause

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of his seeming decline in mentality. Having no longer a wrong to right, he can only make a noise that sounds good to the confused mass, on whose support his leadership depends.

In one way and one way only can organized labor deserve more pay than it has—by coöperating loyally and efficiently with other elements in our life to raise the productivity and the wealth of the nation as a whole. Unquestionably the Federation leaders realize this. In their calmer moments they have often stated the fact explicitly—but not during labor arbitrations or at labor conventions held in a period of deflation. The larger programme has no appeal to their followers, for to reach that ultimate goal present sacrifice is needful. In order to take labor must give, and in its traditional philosophy giving has no part.

The situation is vividly illustrated in another happy thought, frequently broached, that was urged once more at Denver in 1921. Mr. Gompers waved the bogey of an alliance between the 4,000,000 Federationists and the 14,000,000 of our farmers, which would enforce upon the nation the financial claims of both factions. Apparently it did not enter into his calculation that certain interests of labor and agriculture are unreconciled and, at least for the present, irreconcilable. What the laborer wants is cheap food, cheap clothing; but the farmer is out to get the maximum price for the raw materials of both. What the farmer wants is cheap transportation, cheap manufactured commodities of all sorts; but to achieve this the first requisite is a reduction of union wages. This opposition of interests was dramatized during the war—rendered obvious to the humblest intelligence. With wartime crops in the ground, the factory had drawn from the farm the cream of its laborers. Lured by union hours, union pay, and all the delights of silk shirts and the movies, the man with the hoe dropped it and made tracks for the city. The farmer, accustomed to labor from sun-up to sundown for gains that are at best problematical, has little use for the unionist. Genuine coöperation between farm and factory would of course result in a general lowering of prices, a general increase of production, and so inure to the benefit of both, of the nation as a whole. But this was farthest of all things from the intention at Denver. The farmer is learning that he has no business in that

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galley. He has a programme in tune with his necessities—a national federation of his own, financed to market crops in the manner of other business men. The Washington agricultural conference of 1922, which met to consider measures of relief for the prostrate farmer, called for the deflation of wartime wages on the railways as essential to a reduction of rates. Mr. Gompers loudly protested—and was firmly though courteously given to understand that the Brotherhoods were profiteers against the nation.

And the lady, whose fate is so strangely allied to that of the laboring man? The American Federation of Labor makes no overtures to her, even when talking for Buncombe. Yet far more than the farmer she is its victim. What is to be the defense of the middle class home, its means of regaining the dignity, the natural function, of which the industrial revolution has robbed it? Few if any questions are as momentous as that.

The more obvious answer is an organization of brainworkers such as labor has achieved. In point of fact workers in many professions are already enrolled under the American Federation of Labor—newspaper reporters, teachers, clerks, musicians, actors. The musicians and actors, once helpless victims of managerial oppression, have profited as signally as ever a bricklayer or pressman. Yet there is one of those clouds on the horizon, no bigger than a hand. It is, in fact, the stage hand—who has joined in strikes for both actor and musician and for whom they are morally bound in turn to walk out, as musicians have already done. It is not only in this matter of the sympathetic strike that the professional class, when it joins the Federation, is bound to the wheel of organized labor. Between handworker and brainworker there is an essential, deep-seated opposition; and, however fully the brainworkers became organized under the Federation, they would always be outvoted by the millions of hand laborers. Especially in the case of far-seeing projects that promised a national benefit to be ultimately shared by all they would be hampered by the necessity of converting craftsmen who have little vision beyond present wages and working conditions. It is largely a sense of this that has prevented the organization and affiliation of salaried workers and professional men.

In England this difficulty has been avoided by forming a

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separate group, the Middle Class Union. Though recently organized and having only some 300 local branches with an aggregate membership of a quarter of a million, it has already performed prime service. When a strike is threatened that would shut down any basic industry, tie up any public utility, the Middle Class Union calls for technically trained volunteers from its own membership to take the places of striking motormen, enginemen, motor truck drivers, electricians, until the dispute can be settled equitably. In the transportation strike of 1919, and again when a general strike of the Triple Alliance was threatened in 1921, the Middle Class Union was a powerful factor in the uprising of the public which overawed the strikers and defeated the strike. In America the danger from national strikes, though distinct and increasing, is less and the movement to organize the middle class, though already on foot, is backward; but there can be no doubt that in both countries there is a future of great service for the Middle Class Union.

The gain will not be limited to the protection afforded against selfish or unreasonable demands of labor. A Middle Class Union should be the most powerful of correctives to our social and political thinking. When national industrial conferences are called, such as those at Washington in October and December, 1919, an effort has been made to represent what is called "the public"; but the spokesmen of "the public" lack weight and indeed a programme, being members without a constituency. There is in fact no such thing as a "public" that is distinct from labor and capital. To adjust the balance of national interests it is necessary that the brainworker should be represented as such. When we have an adequately national Middle Class Union its representatives will sit in at such conferences; they will speak with the voice of an organized, vigilant constituency and be backed by its industrial and political power.

There remains the second programme of organized labor, "industrial democracy." It is a plausible phrase glibly used by many who little comprehend it. If it means anything it means the blending and the consummation of the Industrial and the Democratic Revolutions in a socialist state. Whatever else may be said of this idea, it is not static but dynamic; for good or for

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evil it could only result in the transformation of our national life, political, economic, social. It is not, like the trade union programme, the fabric of opportunist intelligence, invoking chimerical policies in order to gain immediate and class-limited ends. Nor is it, like the Middle Class Union, the product of a backward-looking, though educated and patriotic, conservatism. It was conceived by men of genius of a sort, middle-class in their origin and education,—what it contemplates is a renovation of society from its depths,—the logical culmination of the two historic revolutions of the nineteenth century.

If the new Socialist is a menace—the I. W. W., the Syndicalist, the Bolshevist, the National Guildsman—it is because he has taken seriously, and logically built upon, the doctrine of equality and democracy—which we others have so long professed, and disregarded. That is his only offense against reality. In the main body of his thought, he is a pioneer, a builder. While conservatives among us dwell amid phantoms of the past, he knows that the Industrial Revolution has violently shifted the national center of gravity. Our actual daily life and all the sources of our material power center in the great industrial units of the twentieth century. What Massachusetts and South Carolina, New York and Virginia, once were, that to-day are the coal mines, the steel trade, the steamships, the railways. The strongly federal Nation, which Washington and Hamilton conceived in terms of mainly agricultural States, cannot be achieved to-day without a federation of national industries into an intricately inter-dependent yet harmoniously functioning whole. Yet our publicists still unconsciously think in terms of the agricultural individualist and the ancient industrial household, while our legislators struggle legalistically at the task of adapting the static common law to the regulation of a new world, splendidly dynamic. The modern Socialist rejoices in the instinct for the jugular vein. Thanks to the war, he has been able not only to think but to act realistically, dyeing his hands deep in actuality.

Like the traditional conservatives, it is true, he accepts the dogmas of equality and democracy—and ignores, much as they do, the middle class and its claim to a special scope. This doubtless results from his need of justifying his claim that the pro-

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letariat shall rule. In the name of native equality he can overturn the world. But the strength of his theory has proved the weakness of his practice. Where syndicalism was put into actual working, as in Russia and Italy, the fact that it rejected the middle class proved its undoing; where the attempt failed, as in England and the United States, it was the silent strength of the middle class that defeated it. In the way of actual progress, few things are less important than past-war experiments in the New Socialism—industrial democracy; but nothing in the world to-day is quite as significant as the joint spectacle of the thing it intended and the manner of its frustration.

The middle-class man has little use for democracy, social or industrial. What he holds dearest is his home, and the very special standard of his living. With regard to the woman well born and well bred, whom the middle-class man holds so dear, the industrial democrat is stone blind, abject in dehumanized theory, in economic materialism. In his eager if inadequate striving toward an ideal of democracy, he ignores the one thing that gives life its ultimate importance and dignity. In all the literature of the new Socialism there is no rustle of feminine drapery, no accent of the child—no thought of the middle-class family, with its traditions of character and culture, of the national need of always passing them on.

With every generation, it has been said, the life of the nation passes through the bodies of its women, is formed anew in the warmth and light of the home. But what if, in this curious, unconscious conflict between laborer and lady, the laborer should permanently triumph? Those who know the middle class best, its dwindling in numbers and in resources, know that the laborer will triumph, inevitably, unless we realize, and very soon, whither we are tending. First and foremost among the needs of the nation is that women well born and well bred shall lead wholesome, seemly lives—that those who are of sound body and able mind shall transmit to the future the most precious of a people's treasures.

JOHN CORBIN.

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PALIMPSEST

BY E. A. CROSS

A WORD set in motion a stream of thought that for me, at least, upset an education fallacy.

The word itself was simple enough. It was "palimpsest". Any good dictionary will tell you what the word means. The fallacy it upset is that in education a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. At one time that was a simple axiom in mathematics, but that was before the fourth dimension and Einstein and a twisted universe. This supposed axiom is assumed to be a fundamental educational truth. But after I met "palimpsest" that day, I was sure that the longer way is the shortest distance in any kind of education that makes the least pretense to the mastery of the art of living. This thing is no axiom in education. Let Einstein and Michaelson and the Euclidians fight it out in the world of mathematics. I will take a random shot at it in the educational.

I could prove my point easily by referring it to any girl on her way to a soda fountain. She knows that straight down the avenue from her home to The Idle Hour is not the shortest distance to the refreshments. It all depends upon whom she is with. But I must not resort to such a simple illustration and call it proof, no matter how obvious it is, nor how convincing. I must go a longer way about it and demonstrate logically how "palimpsest" bowled over an educational axiom for me. Not that I ever believed in the axiom. I didn't. But I was at a loss how to disprove it until I met "palimpsest". Then the way cleared.

We were reading a delightful nature narrative by William Beebe. He called the piece *The Convict Trail.* In our reading we had come to his description of the four cashew trees. "Their trunks," said Mr. Beebe, "were their most striking feature, the bark almost concealed by a maze of beautiful colored lichens

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forming a palimpsest of gray, white, pink, mauve, and lilac." And there was that word—beyond the comprehension of my youthful auditors—"palimpsest". It required three good minutes with careful explanation and illustration to get it over to to them. But the thing was done, and there was a lighting of eyes that told the story of a treasure acquired.

In the past, higher education was first for the ministry. Then it was extended to the other traditionally called "learned professions"—law and medicine; and within recent times, since the days when ministers and priests were the teachers as well, to teaching and engineering. The idea of higher education has changed. A century ago it consisted almost entirely of readings in the classics, mathematics, and the humanities, with only a very limited excursion into strictly vocational or professional studies. It is not so today. We go to the other extreme. We neglect the old cultural, disciplinary studies and center our whole attention upon those which train in the technic of the calling or profession to which we aspire.

But nobody who observes the tide of events regrets the fact that education is in the process of casting its skin. We are all curious to know what kind of creature will emerge. The standardized contest has been over the study of the classics. This has come to such a pass that it is an accepted sport with established rules, like golf or boxing. The partisans of Greek and Latin are few, but they are intrepid and masterful. They lose to superior numbers, but win in a trial of skill, of adroitness.

That is a gentleman's game. There is another going on, however, which is red-handed—still in its tooth-and-claw stage. Just as in the world of toil there are some who seek results by the "direct method", so there are syndicalists in the teaching world who preach sabotage in education. This they do, not because they have a quarrel with the owners of the machinery which they would wreck, but because they wish to destroy slow-going, and consequently inefficient, machinery. Instead of rebuilding and modernizing the educational plant, beginning with what has been found good and evolving the new from that. they would destroy a substantial and tried machine and set up a newer and simpler one which would attain its objective with a

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commendable directness. These men and women sincerely believe that a straight line is the shortest distance been two educational points. If this is an axiom in mathematics, they reason, it must also be true in education, where one of the points is Relative Ignorance and the other Relative Learnedness. If the straight line is the shortest distance between these two points, why not catch the nearest way?

My neighbor down the street is a plumber and expects his son to follow in his steps; but, like most fathers, he wants his son to have a better chance than he has had. He wants the son to grow up to be the owner of a plumbing business and become a contractor in plumbing and heating. My neighbor learned his trade in the shop, but his observation has taught him that the man who has had a technical training in college, preceded or followed by practical experience in the shop, has a decided advantage over one with shop training alone.

He interviews a new educational shortcut expert. The expert finds out what technical processes are involved in the plumbing and heating business, determines what sciences, what mathematical studies, what mechanical drawing, and what hand skill are necessary prerequisites to a mastery of the trade. The young man takes the expert's advice and applies himself to those studies and becomes a master of plumbing and steamfitting. He has taken the straight line—what he believes to be the shortest distance to his goal—but that line seems to me to be the longer way.

There is a definition of education which implies that its whole purpose, its ultimate aim, to use a nauseating pedagogical phrase, is to fit the youth to make a living. My plumber is undoubtedly well prepared to make a living—to acquire money to pay for food, clothing, and shelter. But his education has not fitted him to live. Living is an art far removed from the mere act of earning the means to preserve life. There is such a thing as practicing the fine art of living, and that man who has taken the educational straight line toward a trade or vocation does not catch the nearest way to the mastery of the arts of life. "Palimpsest" will be forever a lost word to him. But he will never miss it. That is the pathetic thing about it.

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The efficiency expert in education who lays out the shortest cut to the mastery of plumbing and steam-fitting would make no provision for either history or literature. There would be no place for ethics or philosophy; none for music and art; no room for the sciences, except those which apply to the operations involved in his trade; none for modern languages, except for those which he might possibly use in his business transactions; and least of all for the classics; and yet these are the doors through which one must pass if one expects to live a life in a real world in which the art of living is practiced while one is earning the means to live.

The efficiency expert will strenuously deny that he is a syndicalist, that he is destroying useful, precious educational machinery in his search for the short cut to an education. He will tell you that he discards only wornout rubbish. But some evening after the expert's eight-hour day, while he is resting his mind at the "movies" or patiently searching some superficial magazine for its five per cent of genius and inspiration,—and missing it, because his mind is not trained to perceive the divine flash,—the man who took the longer way to an education will be sitting quietly at home before his fire with his wife and children in the circle with him. He may see the word "palimpsest" on the page he is reading—and with that word he will be transported to ages long past. In a flash he will see a patient monk in the copying room of his monastery removing from a fair piece of parchment the priceless words, perhaps of Homer or Marcus Aurelius, to provide himself with the page upon which to transcribe some poor homily of his abbot. And so beneath the black letters of what he has written there will appear the faint traces of the words of a master thinker of an earlier day—and as the educated man pictures that manuscript with its precious faint lines beneath the worthless bold letters, "palimpsest" with all its rich associations will be his word.

You do not mistake my meaning, do you? I am not making a new plea for the restoration of the classics to their old and dominant place. We cannot have that. I would not have it if we could. But if a young man or a young woman should come to me for advice about his or her education, just as they

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would go to a physician for advice concerning their physical well being (I wonder why young people do not seek such educational advice), I should make an appeal to him or her, them, if they should do me the honor of coming together, to get, along with the education they will require as a means of earning their bread, that liberalizing education which will give them an insight into the mystery of living a full, a beautiful, a satisfying life.

I have used the word liberalize. And I am off again upon a bypath as fascinating to me as that one along which I pursued "palimpsest". Liberalize means to set free. Liberal also implies the poise and balance that accompany freedom. Those who take the longer road and find it the direct way to the heart of the full life, those who learn to make books their intimates, as well as men and women, find new avenues to freedom, new elements of life to fuse with what is immediate and practical, and thus they free themselves from the little world of three meals a day, clothes to their backs, and a place to sleep. They are no longer merely animals, earth-bound and groveling. They will be able to find themselves in a spiritual, an intellectual world, independent entities. Ariels, serving no gross Caliban.

You have followed me to the end of it. You do not mistake my meaning. You understand what I would have young people do if they should do me the honor to come to me for professional advice in the field of education. With the growing complexity of life, one who expects to earn a living is almost obliged to get his training in a professional or technical school. Fortunate but few are those who can have two years or four years of training in a college of liberal arts before entering the professional or technical school. The greater number of young people find it necessary to go at once from their high schools into vocational colleges. I would have them choose a liberal college, neither bound by ancient traditions nor yet revolutionary—a progressive institution. It should be a college in which the student could fix his attention upon effective preparation for his life's work without becoming intellectually narrowed to fit a single groove. I would have students see life from as many angles as possible. If their chief interests were in history, for example, I would advise science and music and art and mechanical drawing and home economics,

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if the student had any natural aptitude for these, as angles for their liberalizing outlook. If one were planning to be an engineer, languages, music, art, literature, and history, or such of these as would appeal to him, should make up his extra-technical course.

These are only imaginary cases. I am trying to say that a young man's technical, vocational, professional education should be supplemented by as many parallel and contrasting interests as he has taste and time for, that these should be determined for each individual by his own aptitudes and not by the prescription of an expert in education, and that they should be followed up with the same diligence and zest that are accorded to the bread-and-butter studies. I would have those who are to pursue the callings that require the very highest degree of specialization and concentration to enable them to succeed in earning a living and making a material success of life choose as liberally as possible from other fields, intellectual and spiritual, and thus prepare themselves to practice the fine art of living in the midst of the insistent struggle for material success.

Life is a parchment with a double text; the one bold, compelling, the other faintly traced upon the page, but full of the philosophy, the hidden meaning, that makes life worth the effort which one must put forth to earn the means to live. Thus I return to "palimpsest". The external and practical courses college students are obliged to take to fit themselves for their particular jobs in a physical world will become the visible blackletter text on the parchment. Beneath this text, if they plan their education wisely, liberally, will lie faintly visible the words of wisdom which will be their key to living happily and fully in a world of mind and spirit above the no less real world of meat and drink and raiment. Those whose education is such a palimpsest will find themselves able in imagination to take wing and poise balanced high above earth's confusion, and to flash their thoughts through time and space while their hands toil and their bodies sweat in the relentless here and now.

In education the straight line is neither the shortest, the safest, nor the surest way. Take the longer, the liberalizing way.

E. A. Cross.

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NEWARK, OHIO

INCONSTANT COASTS

BY HENRY BELLAMANN

Year after year
I have seen the spring
Spread like a green tide
Through the woods;
I have watched its waves
Shatter at tree-top to thin leaves,
And foam in sudden flowers:
Year by year the exquisite frailty
Of fluttering spray
And quick melting petals—
Year by year
All that eager questing wearies:
Year by year
Green and foam settle and sink
And sweep back again
To the depths
From whence they came.

I have seen the clouds arise,
Day after day,
At behest of genii builders of the sky;
I have seen them sway and struggle
Toward an ultimate perfection—
Incredible and still unguessed.
Day by day they break,
And the ocean whirls their color
In its dark—
Strewing their fragile splendor
Twinkling on the sand.

. . . And the stars:
Nightly they move
From violet pavilions
Seeking their final station—
Their terminate design:
All the bright confusion
Trailing on the way
Of some far fulfillment.

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It is a restless river,
Or a sea—
Spring and clouds and stars—
Whose tides draw ever and ever
From silver-light infinity
To these inconstant coasts,
Striving to mould some shape
Unknown to us,
Striving to sound some music
Strange to us.

But the moving crystal breaks—
Turns back—
And all along the rocks are shells,
Delicate pale shells
Whose fantasy
Hints of fairy land,
Whose faltering slight music
Tells of ceaseless thunder
In the deep.

It is a restless, changing river,
Or a sea—
Clouds and spring
And stars.

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A WOMAN SITS IN THE TWILIGHT

BY MARJORIE MEEKER

Why does this twilight remember you,
The calm grey twilight of my calm grey land?
Why does the quick wind call your name?
How do the hours know the time you came?
How can my twilight thrill with the touch of your hand?

This is the time;
This is the end of day.
This is the hour that comes
In the same way.

The owl stirs in its trance;
The moon is a withered flower;
The bat starts from the eaves;
This is the appointed hour.

Let me be free . . .
You are one with twilights that drop strangely
In dusky petals over a blue, blue sea,
Where time is like the shadow of far ships going
No one knows where,
And there is no knowing
If happiness is wise . . .
And none to care.
Only the old, old eyes
Of stars that watch unwearyingly
Twilight and night and lovers by that sea . . .

Why do you trouble my twilight from far lands,
My still, grey twilight?
Why do you claim me so with shadowy hands?
I have made my eyes calm
And my heart dumb,
And my lips smile . . .
Why do you come?

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This is the time;
It is past the sun's setting.
Here or far away
There is no forgetting.

The moon is a broken flower
That the old day cast.
This is the appointed hour
Till love is past.

TO A STRANGER

BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

When I see your beauty the beasts in me lie down,
And I know the good man that I might have been.
To watch you is more cleansing than clear sunsets,
And more regretful than the deeds that I have done.
If memory could only keep me perfect,
And not fade out to leave me with myself!
With all my altars ashes and my gods asleep,
You with your marvellous sad infinite beauty
Make me kneel down and know what life could be—
Unhurtfulness and worship and sure trust.
But I have missed you in the passing of the ships,
And as a stranger only watch you pass.
Yet, seeing you tonight in your great beauty,
I shall dream calmly of a clear green sky
Filled with wild white swans flying, flying over,
Against the hardly-visible, wide-swarming stars.

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"HAMLET AND THE MYSTERY OF AMY ROBSART": A REPLY

BY HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, JR.

It would almost seem as though Professor Thompson had written his elaborate exposition of the parallelism between the Mystery of Amy Robsart and *Hamlet* (in the May number of The North American Review) in ridicule of those complicated ciphers which others have declared exist in some of Shakespeare's plays. The whole scheme and unraveling of the tangle is so superficially ingenious that one hesitates to treat it seriously, lest he be greeted by the derisive laughter of the author at the success of this literary hoax. Even at the risk of this ridicule it may be well to show just wherein Professor Thompson's conclusions are not warranted. In the first place: The hypothesis that Shakespeare composed *Hamlet* in order to expose a court scandal, and inveigh against the glaring sins of the times, is not supported by any evidence whatever; at least Professor Thompson produces none. We should be furnished with facts as to Shakespeare's source of his knowledge. We should be shown that Shakespeare was smarting under rebuffs from those high in office, and thus divulged state secrets out of spite. We should be shown that Shakespeare's particular animus was against Leicester, and should be told the incidents which aroused it. Without this information there is no reason why Shakespeare should rake up concealed facts in a case which had been discussed and sifted almost before he was born—Amy Robsart died in 1560—and throw out veiled hints accusing the principal agents, one of whom, Leicester, had died ten or twelve years before Shakespeare wrote his play. What person then witnessing the play would cast his memory back thirty years or more and at once apply some obscure reference to a case which had long since ceased to excite any interest? Furthermore, even had Shakespeare openly avowed his belief in Leicester's guilt, who

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would have paid any attention, or attached any importance, to the words of a young playwright, who at that date, 1598, was only beginning his career?

But let us examine Mr. Thompson's statement of his facts in the order wherein he presents them.

Mention is made of but two Quartos, 1603 and 1604, as appearing before the Folio of 1623, whereas there were three others, one in 1605, one in 1611, and one undated, a clear witness to the great popularity of the play, although Mr. Thompson several times refers to it as but "caviare to the general". The Quarto of 1604 is evidently a rewritten version of the play as it appeared in 1603; there are many additions and some omissions. But when Mr. Thompson declares that "it is an inescapable conclusion that in the revised version Shakespeare introduced a large element of the personal equation", it is taking for granted that we know just what that personal equation might be. Did Shakespeare ever show himself completely? Such phrases as "beyond doubt", "it is quite certain", are somewhat dangerous when applied to a theory touching Shakespeare's creations, and are apt to excite antagonism, in place of acquiescence. Until we have more positive evidence of Shakespeare's own character I, for one, shall not accept this dogmatic assertion that Hamlet *is* Shakespeare.

Again: "In a play purporting to be based on actual history it was natural, even inevitable, that Shakespeare should have woven in contemporary allusions or incidents which, however much metamorphosed in the drama, nevertheless were recognized as familiar by the audience." This is, of course, true to a certain extent. The chance mention of some actual incident, whereof the date is known, is one of the few ways we still have of establishing the date of composition of any play. But it is the despair of the historian that of these historic allusions Shakespeare has far fewer than any of his contemporaries. He seems to have been so immersed in his own story and drama that the everyday events passed him by almost unregarded. Still less is it likely that he should have traveled back thirty years and more to cast out obscure allusions to an incident which few among his audience would be likely to recall; or if they did vaguely, would they have instantly applied it to the case of Amy

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Robsart and Leicester? What if they had? What satisfaction could Shakespeare have found in thus covertly accusing one dead these ten years? Of one thing we may be sure: had these pointed remarks and veiled allusions been thought to apply either to the Queen or Leicester, even remotely, the players would have been severely reprimanded; as they were in 1589 on the direction of Burleigh, who accused them of introducing matters of state upon the stage. Burleigh himself died in 1598, but his son and successor would doubtless have been quite as vigilant.

Mr. Thompson lays great stress upon the parallelism between the concealment of Polonius behind the arras and an incident mentioned by Camden wherein Sir Robert Cecil, during the trial of Essex in 1601, overheard an accusation of himself by Essex and hastily appeared to answer and refute the charge. "It is not recorded," adds Mr. Thompson, "but it might easily have occurred, that when Cecil made his abrupt appearance as it were from 'behind the arras', Essex's sarcastic comment was 'I thought I smelled a rat'." Why stop our supposititious case here? By all means let us imagine Shakespeare slyly ensconced behind another portion of the arras and, anticipating Burns, remarking to himself: "A chiel's amang you taking notes, And faith, he 'll prent it!" As a matter of fact the concealment of Polonius was not original with Shakespeare. It occurs as an incident in the earliest version of the Hamlet story that has come down to us,—that of Saxo Grammaticus—where the King's spy conceals himself under the rushes on the floor and is slain by Amlethus. The hiding of a spy behind the arras was a favorite device on the Elizabethan stage. Shakespeare had already used this device in two earlier plays. In the *First Part of Henry IV* (II, IV, 549) the Prince bids Falstaff: "Go, hide thee behind the arras," where later he is found "snorting like a horse". Again, in *Much Ado About Nothing* (I, III, 63) Borachio says: "I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon that the Prince should woo Hero for himself." There can be little doubt that such was the practice even in everyday affairs.

Mr. Thompson says: "*Hamlet* is Shakespeare's protest against the condition of Elizabethan England. It was not Denmark but England that was rotten. Not merely Hamlet, but Shakespeare

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felt that 'the time is out of joint'." Again we are moved to ask, Why should Shakespeare have had the smallest interest in such matters? He was a player, playwright, and poet; politics or the affairs at court were out of his sphere. He was no meddler with such dangerous topics as court scandal. It must be remembered also that the Earl of Leicester's company of actors was the company with which Shakespeare was first allied. This alone would have withheld him from calling attention to any unknown facts about his patron, when the Amy Robsart scandal was almost forgotten. If there was one sin Shakespeare despised above all others, it was ingratitude.

"As long as Elizabeth lived it was, of course, impossible publicly to criticize her, were it never so guardedly done. It is significant that the appearance of *Hamlet* upon the stage coincides with the death of Elizabeth." Had Mr. Thompson said the appearance of *Hamlet* in print, he would have been within the truth. As a matter of fact, *Hamlet* was probably composed between 1598 and 1600, and acted first either in 1600 or 1601; and Elizabeth was not so decrepit then as to suffer any upstart player to traduce her or her former favorite. This seems fatal to the success of Mr. Thompson's elaborate conclusion, that the play of *Hamlet* is merely an intricate exposition of facts in regard to the death of Amy Robsart. By his own showing those facts are still clouded in mystery; that Shakespeare should have had access to original sources for his information is simply unbelievable.

Having presented the outline of his case Professor Thompson then proceeds to give quotations from *Hamlet*, "which seem to have a positive index, and probably do darkly refer to the case of Amy Robsart, to Leicester and Elizabeth". This is, at best, a rather fallacious means of proving a point, since isolated lines without their context may be applied to almost any incident we may choose. Any collection of quotations for occasions will show how easily this may be done. This then is how Professor Thompson does it: "Most seeming virtuous Queen." "Assume a virtue if you have it not." "One can imagine," he comments, "men in the audience who heard these words look at one another with question in their eyes . . . or shrug their shoulders with shrewd amusement." No; I, for one, cannot by the widest

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stretch of imagination, picture members of Shakespeare's audience doing any such thing. They heard the context, and when the Ghost says that Claudius "won to his shameful lust the will of my most seeming virtuous Queen", they had no reason whatever to think that Shakespeare, by such words, referred to Queen Elizabeth and Leicester, since the rest of the sentence was quite inappropriate.

Why they should have smiled significantly at the line, "Assume a virtue," etc., I am at a loss to understand; or to what dark mystery this was supposed to refer.

On the line "Though this be madness, yet there's method in 't," Professor Thompson comments: "Who were there among the wise in worldliness and the intricacies and chicanery of the politics and diplomacy of that day who did not find a fang in this remark? None but men steeped in the great secrets of the reign of Elizabeth could have fully perceived the significance of Hamlet's words, or the marvelously subtle method Shakespeare employed to convey his message, and with them silence was discretion."

Why should any one think a hidden meaning intended here? Consider the situation: Polonius has set himself to force Hamlet into a betrayal of his state of mind, and is met by replies pregnant with meaning and wisdom. What could his comment have been otherwise than this very line? (And by the way, the words are not given to Hamlet as Mr. Thompson says they are.) Had the line occurred in an epilogue to the whole play, as a warning to the audience to look below the surface, there might be some slight possibility that it referred to a political satire; but as it here occurs, in the middle of a dialogue, with direct reference to what has gone before, there is not a chance but that it means exactly what we all must understand.

Again, if this sinister meaning could be perceived only by those who were thoroughly acquainted with "the policies and diplomacy of the day", of what avail was Shakespeare's elaborate method of telling them what they already knew?

But how did he become the repository of these tremendous state secrets?

It is sincerely to be deplored that Professor Thompson is not more accurate in his quotations of lines, or references to situations

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in the play. Such carelessness is apt to beget a lack of confidence in his deductions. It has just been shown that the line "Though this be madness", etc., is wrongly assigned to Hamlet, and here again we find in the next paragraph: "The dullards were given a broad hint in the seemingly casual mention that a play might be 'an abstract and brief chronicle' of the time, an idea repeated in Hamlet's exclamation, 'The play's the thing Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.' King or Queen mattered little to Shakespeare. The principle and the point were identical in either case. Hamlet explains to the court assembled to hear the play: 'You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.'"

In the first place, it is not a *play*, but the players, who are spoken of by Hamlet as "the abstract and brief chronicles of the time"; and secondly, Hamlet's exclamation has no relation whatever to his former remark in regard to the players. Thirdly: Hamlet does not explain the play to the court at any time; he interprets certain lines to Ophelia, and comments on others to the King and Queen. The line which Mr. Thompson quotes is the climax of the whole scene, and is hurled almost in the King's face as he rises in terror. How or in what way this particular line could be twisted into a reference to the murder of Amy Robsart, Professor Thompson does not explain beyond coupling it with the four line stanza, uttered by Hamlet:

> For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
> This realm dismantled was
> Of Jove himself, and now reigns here,
> A very, very—pajock.

And here the Professor's hobby has led him into a quagmire indeed. As is seen, Hamlet omits the word rhyming with "was". To this Horatio remarks, "You might have rhymed"—that is, the word which fits it, by implication, is *ass*. Mr. Thompson asks: "What word most naturally occurs to the mind which will rhyme with 'was'?" And then proceeds to answer his question with the extraordinary suggestion that the missing word is "coz", the familiar abbreviation of the word "cousin" and here used to indicate Leicester, who may have been so addressed by Elizabeth. The two words in present day usage have a certain resemblance in

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sound sufficient for rhyming purposes, but in Shakespeare's day *was* invariably rhymed with such words as *glass*, *pass*, etc. For example, in a preceding scene Hamlet says: "Why, 'As by lot, God wot,' and then, you know, 'It came to pass, as most like it was'" (II, II, 434). Again, in *Lucrece*:

> Without the bed her other fair hand was,
> On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
> Show'd like an April daisy on the grass.

As regards the word "coz", as it was a contraction of the word "cousin" it retained the pronunciation of the first syllable of that word, which in Shakespeare's time was like that of the French word *Coozin*. By no possibility, therefore, would the words *cooz* and *wass* rhyme. Is it worth while to discuss the applicability of the stanza to Leicester after showing how the word suggested is quite inadmissible on the score of rhyme?

These are fair samples of Professor Thompson's use of certain lines in the play and his deductions. The two or three others seem to me quite as wide of any hidden meaning.

Many readers will doubtless read with interest Professor Thompson's entertaining article. That he will likewise gain a corresponding number of adherents to his view of the matter is quite another question.

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, JR.

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GEORGE GISSING, HUMANIST

BY STANLEY ALDEN

THE casual reader of critical reviews must have been struck by the recurrence of the name of George Gissing, a novelist who, in the normal course of things, ought to have been long ago forgotten. That the name of a writer whose career began forty years ago should persist in the columns of the reviewers is enough to establish the assumption that its owner must have in his work something either unique or uniquely said; must have either intrinsic or historical value. In the case of Gissing, one can but infer from the constant use of his name in a single connection that present-day reviewers and critics regard him as the father of what may be vaguely termed "English naturalism", as opposed to that older type of realism of which in their respective times Fielding and George Eliot are exemplars. It is significant that Gissing's name almost invariably appears linked with the names of three or four Continental novelists of his own or a slightly earlier day; with Dostoievsky, Zola, Balzac, and, less often, with Daudet. Seldom is he accounted brother to Howells or George Moore. And, in common with his more widely-known European contemporaries just mentioned, he is invariably—or all but invariably—dubbed "naturalist", with the implication of praise. From such linkings it seems safe to infer that he is regarded as the same sort of naturalist, or realist (for the terms are loosely used), as his Continental confrères, while differing not only from his British contemporaries, but from the older English and American realists as well. What does such a distinction imply? Obviously that as it is habitually used "realism" means writing that deals with a certain type of matter; a type that may be roughly defined as that dealt with by Zola, or by Hardy in such a novel as *Jude the Obscure*. In other words, our younger critics have been using the words "realist" and "naturalist" almost interchangeably, and chiefly to characterize writers preoccupied with a particular

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milieu, rather than to identify a method of treatment, or an underlying purpose.

Into such a category it is possible to fit Gissing with no close familiarity with his works. For casual readers he is merely the author of such reprinted novels as *The New Grub Street*, *The Whirlpool*, or possibly *The House of Cobwebs*, a volume of short-stories which have had some vogue. If other titles are known, some of them suggest matter in the province of the naturalist. *The Unclassed*, for instance, or *The Nether World*, and *Human Odds and Ends* might carry such a suggestion. It will, therefore, be seen to be significant that he has not been mentioned along with Fielding and Eliot on the one hand, nor with George Moore or Howells on the other, for, with the exception of Mr. Moore, these writers have been distinguished as realists not so much by their subjects as by their literary methods and their philosophy. It is worth while to seek a reason why George Gissing has not long since been forgotten. Is it that as an innovator George Gissing has importance historically, or has he something to say which teases the interest of novel-readers, and may even trouble the complacency of critics who dispose of him so cavalierly with a word?

Mr. Frank Swinnerton in his critical study of Gissing makes it clear that he does not consider him a realist, but dismisses the matter summarily with the remark, "He was too personal," evidently disagreeing with Gissing himself when he says: "But there can be drawn only a misleading, futile distinction between novels realistic and idealistic. It is merely a question of degree and of the author's temperament." Thus Gissing plainly understood the word as applied to manner. Now an opinion on such a matter as realism from so distinguished a realist as Mr. Swinnerton is not to be lightly dismissed, but one regrets that he has not buttressed it with additional reasons, or taken occasion to "place" Gissing with reference to his literary type. It may be valuable to consult with reference to the matter, others of his fellow-craftsmen.

Discussing "Mr. George Gissing" in his volume *Fame and Fiction*, Mr. Arnold Bennett says: "To take the common gray things which people know and despise and, without tampering, to dis-

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close their epic significance, their grandeur—that is realism, as distinguished from idealism or romanticism." (This comment about Gissing is best understood when one recalls that Mr. Bennett regards *The Nether World* as his "most characteristic novel".) Here we see that realism includes both matter and manner, with equal emphasis on each.

Mr. H. G. Wells, writing in *The Monthly Review*, remarks that "he whose whole life was one unhappiness because he would not face realities, was declared the master and leader of the English realistic school". If, then, Gissing's novels are what Leslie Stephen believes novels should be, "transfigured experience—based upon direct observation and the genuine emotions which it has inspired", one could hardly expect them to be realistic, for Mr. Wells is right in asserting that he was afraid of facing, in his own life, the stern realities. His ineptitude in money-matters, a defect which he bestows so liberally upon his leading characters, is a case in point. Surely an anomaly this, a realist who shuns reality.

Gissing's own ideas on realism are illuminating. In his invaluable study *Charles Dickens*, for instance:

> In what degree, and in what direction, does he [Dickens] feel himself at liberty to disguise facts, to modify circumstances for the sake of giving pleasure or avoiding offense?
>
> Our "realist" will hear of no such paltering with truth. Heedless of Pilate's question, he takes for granted that the truth can be got at, and that it is his plain duty to set it down without compromise; or, if less crude in his perceptions, he holds that truth, for the artist, is the impression produced on him, and that to convey this impression with entire sincerity is his sole reason for existing. To Dickens such a view of the artist never presented itself. Art, for him, was art precisely because it was not nature. Even our realists may recognize this, and may grant that it is the business of art to select, to dispose—under penalties if the result be falsification.

Here we see something of what realism meant to Gissing, as we do also when he refers to Balzac, Victor Hugo, Dostoievsky, and Daudet as "Realists . . . men with an uncompromising method, and utterly heedless as to whether they give pleasure or pain."

With distinguished insight he blames Dickens for fearing to write of disagreeable facts, so that he commits a capital artistic

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crime by causing Little Em'ly to seem to flee with Steerforth for mercenary reasons, while if the affair had been shown as Dostoievsky would have displayed it, with abundant though disagreeable detail, we should have been able to understand Emily's temptation, and to sympathize with her weakness. George Eliot, he points out, is, like Dickens, at fault in not motivating more fully the fall of Hetty, in *Adam Bede*. Out of deference for British susceptibility these two realists of an older school tampered with their "fact" and thus falsified, artistically, in a way that would have been impossible to Gissing, or to the leading Continental realists. Again, he speaks of the difference between Dickens and the novelists of the French and the Russian schools, "a difference which seems to involve the use of that very idle word 'realism '".

But by whatever type-name he would have chosen to call the novelist, Gissing's conception of him should be clear: "truth, for the artist, is the impression produced on him" and his business is to convey that impression with "entire sincerity"—a fine ideal, and one which Gissing attained in no mean degree. It is not by choice that he writes so largely of the submerged or semi-submerged world. He wrote oftenest of the people, the places, and the life that he knew best; the life of a literary toiler in London, a young man educated usually above his class and thus alien from it, as well as from the casual associates which his poverty and lack of social connections forced upon him. In a number of novels this hero recurs. Godwin Peake will come to the minds of those who have read that not very life-like novel, *Born in Exile*. And besides him there are Earwaker, Piers Otway, Osmond Waymark, Julian Casti, Kingcote, Harold Biffin, and Whelpdale, and other less conspicuous wanderers in "the Valley of the Shadow of Books". But he does not confine himself to portraying the unfortunate dwellers in the poorer quarters of London, though he is best known as the exponent of Lambeth, Clerkenwell, Tottenham Court Road, and of all that sordid East Side which, in so different a guise, is now being pictured by Mr. Thomas Burke.

The glimpses one gets in the Gissing novels of Surrey, Yorkshire, Devon and Cornwall, and the detailed pictures of Italy and Greece, are no less vivid and no less accurate and complete in detail. Of the life in these places, however, we hear less, and cer-

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tainly what he tells us makes no such lasting impression as those pictures of squalor and distress with which his London scene abounds. Mr. A. C. Benson says of Gissing's novels that they had, "when he treated of his own peculiar stratum, the same quality of hard reality which I value most of all in a work of fiction. The actors were not so much vulgar as underbred; their ambitions and tastes were often deplorable. But one felt that they were real people." If we were speaking of Gissing's settings alone, realistic would be a fairly adequate tag; but obviously enough, setting is only the background for his picture of life.

In these settings one constantly happens upon bits of description so striking as to fix themselves in the consciousness like a vivid dream:

> An evil smell hung about the butchers' and the fish shops. A public-house poisoned a whole street with alcoholic fumes; from sewer-grates rose a miasma that caught the breath. People who bought butter from the little dealers had to carry it away in a saucer, covered with a piece of paper, which in a few minutes turned oily dark. Rotting fruit, flung out by costermongers, offered a dire regale to little ragamuffins prowling like the cats and dogs. Babies' bottles were choked with thick-curdling milk, and sweets melted in grimy little hands.

This, with its appeal to so many of our senses, is the sort of thing that earns him his title, realist. But it is not always of the disagreeable that he gives these pictures:

> An exquisite after-glow seemed as if it would never pass away. Above thin, gray clouds stretching along the horizon a purple flush melted insensibly into the dark blue of the zenith. Eastward the sky was piled with lurid rack, sullen-tinted folds edged with the hue of sulphur. The sea had a strange aspect, curved tracts of pale blue lying motionless upon a dark expanse rippled by the wind. Below me, as I leaned on the seawall, a fisherman's boat crept duskily along the rocks, a splash of oars soft-sounding in the stillness.

Such passages and others as carefully wrought are legitimately realistic, if by this term we mean that they have been written from actual observation and that they represent the impression made upon the author, reproduced without that "tampering" which Mr. Arnold Bennett decries. Seldom indeed does one detect any tampering, any attempt to suppress evidence, to falsify logical conclusions for the sake of public taste. Especially in his earlier work is it observable that Gissing permits a flat and un-

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interesting ending, strongly suggestive of the Russians, rather than by any artificial heightening, an ending of the sort nine-tenths of all English and American fiction has led us to expect, and which even so veracious a writer as Dickens (as Gissing points out) was almost always guilty of. The endings of *The Nether World*, *The Emancipated*, *Thyrza*, *A Life's Morning*, and of most of his short-stories, will illustrate the point. In no case, even where there is comparative happiness at the end, does the outcome seem other than the logical one, or the story fail of being a faithful presentation of life.

Now Mr. Swinnerton, very properly, is thinking of the substance of Gissing's novels when he says that he is "too personal" to be a realist. Does he mean by this remark any more than that he has too often used himself, in one guise of another, for hero, and that because he represents his own special angle of vision he falls short of that impossible objectivity which so many present-day realists claim for themselves? Mr. Swinnerton is in agreement with Mr. Thomas Seccombe as to Gissing's being "too personal", for the latter in his introduction to *The House of Cobwebs*, beyond question the most valuable because the most sympathetic study of Gissing (and one to which Mr. Swinnerton acknowledges indebtedness), says:

> He has no objectivity. His point of view is almost entirely personal. It is not the *lacrimæ rerum*, but the *lacrimæ dierum suorum*, that makes his pages often so forlorn. His laments are all uttered by the waters of Babylon in a strange land. His nostalgia in the land of exile, estranged from every refinement, was greatly enhanced by the fact that he could not get on with ordinary men, but exhibited almost to the last a practical incapacity, a curious inability to do the sane and the secure thing.

A little earlier in the same article Mr. Seccombe says of his realism:

> His approximation at times to the confines of French realistic art is of the most accidental and incidental kind.

And he continues by saying that he is "a thorough moralist and sentimentalist". Sentimentalist he may have been, if by the expression one means that he drew an occasionally sentimental picture of a young woman, but in the deeper implications of the

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word, he was far from sentimental. That is, emotion for its own sake he constantly decried, and it is in the more intellectually sympathetic relations of women and men that he finds their truest self-expression. When Alma Rolfe consents to being reasonable and trying to understand the point of view of her husband, she is most lovable and winning, and Nancy Tarrant dons her aureole only when she is sweetly reasonable. His women who have risen above merely sentimental relationships with men are those whom he most lovingly delineates: Ida Starr, Irene Derwent, Thyrza, Rhoda Nunn, and Miriam Baske, after she has become Mrs. Ross Mallard. He would have said of his realism that "it is merely a question of degree and of the author's temperament".

Although his attitude toward women is often slightly contemptuous, a circumstance not difficult to understand when one considers his marital tragedies, he seems to have had a deep and almost mystical reverence for womanhood. Apart from his more or less distorted and grotesque pictures of womankind, one recalls his many idealized portraits of girls. To mention some of the more conspicuous, there are: Cecily Doran, a lovely and vivid maiden, dimming slightly into a too-self-immolating wife; Sidwell Warricombe, conventional but of a quiet and virginal charm; Irene Derwent; Thryza, a greatly idealized character in the book to which she gives her name, one of his most delicately wrought novels; Adela Waltham; Jane Snowden, touching bit of humanity tossed up by the wave of slum-life in London; and the too ethereal Veranilda.

There is moreover a vein of the romantic in his preoccupation with little-known places. His characters have a way of going off suddenly to Odessa, St. Jean de Luz, Honolulu, Tasmania or the Bahamas, and their mastery of foreign languages and familiarity with out-of-the-way literature is astounding. Someone has always returned from a trip round the world, or is setting forth for Egypt or Queensland. All his chief characters are citizens of the world and by preference of that part of the world distant from main-travelled roads.

Besides these evidences, one may point to his humanitarian and romantic interest in animals and in the suppression of war,

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Marcella Moxey is (ironically enough) killed by the kick of a horse that she is defending from his cruel driver; in *The Crown of Life* there is bitter satire on the wanton shooting of wild birds, and Lee Hannaford, the inventor of highly destructive munitions, is mercilessly flayed. But I do not mean to show that these romantic and idealistic interests predominate; only to show that "it is merely a question of degree", and that to dub Gissing "realist", unqualifiedly, is not warrantable, any more than it would be to call him "romanticist" or "idealist". Some larger category is needed, one taking into account not only his literary methods and temperamental leanings but also his central philosophy, for this is one of his chief merits and raises him above the level of the minor novelists who were his contemporaries—above his brother Algernon, for instance—as well as above most of his successors.

In discussing Gissing's philosophy one must remember that he lived chiefly by his pen, or by the equally exhausting business of private teaching. This fact, and the one that his formal education ended when he was a mere youth, are eloquent and account measurably for the crudity both in construction and content that all but the blindest of his critics must recognize in his books. A philosophy is the result of extensive and mature study as well as of having lived. The fact that as a boy of fifteen he won a first place in the kingdom in the Oxford local examinations says much for the calibre of his mind; a mind which if it had had the opportunity and leisure to flower would have been more orderly and better balanced. But his career at Owens College was sharply terminated through his boyish folly, and never again had he either the leisure or the opportunity for that rounded and traditional education which has done so much to produce the English gentleman and scholar.

Like his own Edwin Reardon in *The New Grub Street*, he had ideals which, though they might repel the public, should have won for him a higher place than he now occupies. For he had ideas; a fact quite generally overlooked. At a time when all Europe was holding itself in leash while preparing for war, Gissing busied himself with exposing the futility of war; in *The Whirlpool* he discusses with much point the education of children; the inroads of manufacture upon village life and the impracticability of a com-

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munistic solution of the problem of labor and capital, he treats seriously in *Demos*, while he glances at it in *Ryecroft* and in some of his short-stories such as *The Firebrand;* scarcely one of his novels but contains a serious study of marriage. Note the following wise observation as to commerce:

> If trade is not to put an end to human progress, it must be pursued in Montcharmont's spirit. It's only returning to a better time; our own man of business is a creation of our own century, and as bad a thing as it has produced. Commerce must be humanized once more. We invented machinery, and it has enslaved us—a rule of iron, the servile belief that money-making is an end in itself, to be attained by hard selfishness.

Newspapers and periodicals, particularly those that cater to the ignorance and prejudices of their readers, he often satirizes, as for instance when he has Whelpdale hit upon the expedient of changing the name of his journal *Chat* to *Chit-Chat*, and of reducing the length of the articles to correspond to the average reader's capacity for sustained attention. Only now, in America, are we beginning to observe the deleterious effect of cheap journalism (aided unfortunately just now by the more pernicious moving-picture) upon the power to sustain attention. We have discovered a system for de-intellectualizing the drama, the novel, and even the essay.

At a time when few novelists in England spoke with understanding of the new place that woman is destined soon to fill, he constantly pointed to the necessity for widening her horizons by humane education. The following is from *Born in Exile* (1893):

> The defect of the female mind? It is my belief that this is nothing more nor less than the defect of the uneducated human mind. I believe most men among the brutally ignorant exhibit the very faults which are cried out upon as exclusively feminine. A woman has hitherto been an ignorant human being; that explains everything.

Although this sounds somewhat old-fashioned hardly a generation after it was written, one recognizes that by no means all of the novel-reading world has even yet come to understand its underlying truth.

But while making these discriminating observations he recognizes the evil results sure to come from imperfect and nominal

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education of women—or of such education in general—which he exposes to ridicule in *In The Year of Jubilee*, particularly through Jessica Morgan, with her dry manuals and little black-bound note-books wherein she marshals her dates and facts against the coming examinations. Nancy and Horace Lord, and Samuel Barmby, in the same novel, are also shown to be the victims of this charlatan-education. Gissing's England was suffering from the malady of a newly-popularized education, with its wide but superficial appeal, in a way similar to that in which the United States is suffering to-day.

It seems to me as I read Gissing chronologically, that he made progress through the twenty-three years of his literary career, not always in artistry, but certainly in philosophical grasp of the implications of life, until at the end he had come firmly to believe that man is indeed the measure of all things. Beginning with the larger social problems of the mid-century, problems with which his idol Dickens, Kingsley, Ruskin, and Carlyle were likewise deeply concerned, he gradually worked away from these, since he found them insoluble (and because he found them so, earned in company with all humanists the mob-bestowed title of "pessimist"), to the basic problem of man's nature and its betterment. Here he is more nearly in the tradition of Meredith, Browning, and Matthew Arnold.

Yes, on the whole, Gissing is on the side of the humanistic angels. But he did not immediately nor easily take his place there, partly because of those very defects in education which he exposes in some of his characters, and partly because of the devastating poverty that prevented normal contact with human life and its sanative power. A world of evidence for his humanism could be adduced, but let me present all that seems needful, under his conception of the gentleman; his recognition of the importance of the individual as embodying, in little, the human race; and his emphasis upon what is characteristic, as the essential thing.

Fortunately in his *Charles Dickens* he has given us his notion of a gentleman, a valuable contribution to the study of any writer's philosophy:

> I cannot fall in with the common judgment that Dickens never shows a gentleman. Twice, certainly, he has done so, with the interesting distinction

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that in one case he depicts a gentleman of the old school; in the other, a representative of the fine manhood which came into existence (or became commonly observable) in his latter years. In John Jarndyce I can detect no vulgarity; he appears to me compact of good sense, honor, and gentle feelings. His eccentricity does not pass bounds; the better we know him the less observable it grows.

In other words, Gissing recognizes that there is a standard or normal gentleman by whom we may measure any pretender to that grand old title. Sir Leicester Dedlock he finds not quite a gentleman because "his special characteristics overcharge the portrait". He is too far from the typical or normal. He calls Cousin Feenix (in *Dombey and Son*) one of Dickens's best sketches of an aristocrat because "his heart is right, his apprehensions are delicate".

One of his most widely quoted and soundest dicta is on just this point of refinement of the feelings: it is from *The Private Papers*, and he is speaking of his housekeeper:

> In my youth, looking at this man and that, I marvelled that humanity had made so little progress. Now, looking at men in the multitude, I marvel that they have advanced so far.
>
> Foolishly arrogant as I was, I used to judge the worth of a person by his intellectual power and attainment. I could see no good where there was no logic, no charm where there was no learning. Now I think that one has to distinguish between two forms of intelligence, that of the brain, and that of the heart, and I have come to regard the second as by far the more important. I guard myself against saying that intelligence does not matter; the fool is ever as obnoxious as he is wearisome. But assuredly the best people I have known were saved from folly not by the intellect but by the heart. They come before me, and I see them greatly ignorant, strongly prejudiced, capable of absurd mis-reasoning; yet their faces shine with the supreme virtues, kindness, sweetness, modesty, generosity. Possessing these qualities, they at the same time understand how to use them; they have the intelligence of the heart.

Perhaps Gissing's own gentlemen may seem a trifle anæmic, bookmen, self-centered and aloof, yet he has created some rather vigorous types who would not measure so badly by the standard gentleman. For examples, there are: Ross Mallard, especially after he has been humanized by marriage; Hugh Carnaby, surely vigorous enough; Edmund Langley; and, of course, Ryecroft himself.

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In *Born in Exile* he once bursts forth: "I can't pretend to care for anything but individuals." Later, in *Our Friend the Charlatan*, Sir William Amys, one of the few sound characters in this melodramatic and mechanical picture of types the author hated, remarks:

> I don't know that I have much faith in leagues. I am a lost individualist. Let everyone try to civilize himself; depend upon it, it's the best work he can do for the world at large.

Now although Gissing's preoccupation is with the individual, especially in his later work, he sees that the individual is valuable only as he is limited by human law: as a member of society. "Never yet did true rebel, who has burst the barrier of social limitations, find aught but *ennui* in the trim gardens beyond," he says in *The Nether World* (1889), at a time when he was groping for and just beginning to discover the significance of life. The English novelist would have been in complete accord with the Norwegian diplomatist and scholar, Mr. Sigurd Ibsen, when he says:

> I cannot discover any thoughtlessness, any defective power of judgment, in the appreciation of the great personality in itself, without regard to the service he has done or the harm he has caused. On the contrary: I see in this a sound and correct judgment, which feels that the greatest values must be sought in the human being as such, and that they who in their own existences have shown us a human summit, have rendered the most excellent service possible to perform.

Gissing's appreciation of the importance of the characteristic, as opposed to the merely accidental or individual, is no less real than his grasp of the theory that the business of mankind is to produce as its crowning achievement the perfect human being. Sigurd Ibsen once more may be his spokesman:

> As a rule, it is in what is characteristic that we find what is worthy. The superiority of a rose in our eyes, consists in those qualities that distinguish it from other flowers, and the horticulturist's efforts are not directed towards obliterating these qualities by driving them back to common type, but, on the contrary, to force them more to the foreground so that the rose becomes even more a rose than it was before. Likewise should the task of culture be to make man more and more manlike.

In discussing Dickens's character-drawing, Gissing praises

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Mrs. Gamp as a singular example of excellence of her kind. After saying that she represents the most delicate idealism, he calls this picture "a sublimination of the essence of Gamp", and continues:

> No novelist (say what he will) ever gave us a picture of life which was not idealized; but there are degrees, degrees of purpose and of power. Juliet's nurse is an idealized portrait, but it comes much nearer to the real thing than Mrs. Gamp; in our middle-class England we cannot altogether away with the free-spoken dame of Verona; we Bowdlerize her—of course damaging her in the process.

This passage throws light obliquely on Gissing's view of life at the same time that it shows his conception of the novelist's art: what is essential is the significant, the invaluable; and to exhibit this in art one must "idealize", select—no transcript of life will suffice.

Are we not able, then, to unify his reading of life and of art, and to find in these, together, the quintessence of George Gissing? Realist he is only in part, and by no means in the commonly accepted sense of the word, for always, but especially toward the end of his career, he designed his books to body forth an interpretation of life, which interpretation is that the perfected individual (the man who keeps to a golden mean between the extremes of freedom and restraint), and not the mass, is mankind's chief concern. Never is he "naturalist", for his philosophical emphasis of the distinction between nature as represented by civilized man and by "outer nature" is an outstanding characteristic and separates him forever from those who for their gloss upon human nature study the barnyard fowls. In *Sleeping Fires* he has Langley say to Louis Reed: "The world never had such need of the Greeks as in our time. Vigor, sanity, and joy—that's their gospel." And it is Gissing's own gospel.

It has already been observed that at the outset of his career he was concerned with the problems of class, particularly with the lower middle class, and with those who having once belonged to it had through economic pressure sunk beneath and become a part of the flotsam of London. In those early novels he would study the conditions among these people, not very sympathetically to be sure, though I can by no means agree with anyone who holds that Gissing did not know them quite as well as anyone could who, not of them, was obliged to dwell among them. Strictly speak-

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ing, this class never has a spokesman, for it is and always will be inarticulate.

Toward the end of his life Gissing busies himself with the discovery of a working philosophy for the individual. Nowhere more than in *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft* and in *The Whirlpool* do we find his explicit answer to the question, "What is the end of man?" Both Harvey Rolfe and Henry Ryecroft, I take it, stand forth his spokesmen. (It is hardly necessary, now, to point out that *Ryecroft* is in no literal sense an autobiography, but it may be worth while to remark that it is much more truly biographical than that thinly masked malice and scandal, *The Private Life of Henry Maitland.*) Each of these two men finds himself absorbed in the solution of his relation to the universe, and each arrives at the conclusion that to make one's self the centre, to work for intensive not extensive development, is the thing to be desired. Rolfe would write the history of some corner of English soil (perhaps of a single market-cross), study the microcosm in order to understand the macrocosm. He is another less distinguished Henry Adams, only his twelfth century is a moment of time in the late nineteenth century, and his Chartres, some bit of ground "that is forever England". Ryecroft would spend his declining years amid the slopes of his beloved Devon, beguiled by the reading of old books and cheered by country rambles. Nature to Gissing was ever a solace, a guide, too, in that it spoke of the simple fundamental processes of living and growth, such as a man of his complex and not quite normal nature was likely to forget. One would like to think of this tired, ill and unhappy writer, the scholar *manqué*, the misunderstood and little-appreciated philosopher, as having opened his eyes for the last time upon the sweet Devon meadows instead of the unfriendly mountains in alien St. Jean de Luz.

STANLEY ALDEN.

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THE KNOCK AT THE STAGE DOOR

BY ALEXANDER WOOLCOTT

ALL about us in the theatre to-day are the players who will be the Mrs. Fiskes, the Julia Marlowes, the Laurette Taylors, of tomorrow; the young fry of the stage whose names will be big and black in the playbills of 1935 and 1940. Of these youngsters none is lovelier, none has a richer or more glowing talent, none seems more surely possessed of a little of an ancient magic, than the one named Margalo Gillmore, a fair-haired, sunlit girl who, unheralded and decently abashed, emerged out of obscurity in our theatre a few seasons ago. When, among the first of her adventures, she caught all our eyes as the daughter of the famous Mrs. Fair, those of us who had seen the John Drew plays of the early 'nineties experienced a little twinge of recollection, recalling the gangling and stringy but marvelously sweet girl who, just as shy and just as awkward, ventured forth then under the shelter of a celebrated uncle. Now we nodded our heads and whispered one to another, "She is like a new Ethel Barrymore."

But what few of us knew (though all of us might have guessed) was that she was like Ethel Barrymore in another respect. She was like Ethel Barrymore in respect to her grandmother. They both are children of the theatre, each as a matter of fact born in the fourth generation of a celebrated theatrical family. As Ethel Barrymore is the granddaughter of the famous Mrs. John Drew, so Margalo Gillmore is the granddaughter of the famous Emily Thorne, who was a favorite in London in the 'eighties. We might, I say, have guessed as much. Indeed, after watching the exits and the entrances of a dozen seasons in New York, one is minded, when the young pretenders write down from Poughkeepsie and Northampton (explaining that they will be free for all sorts of careers in June and asking how to go on the stage)—one is minded, then, to answer in this wise:

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My Dear Young Lady:

There are many ways in which you might prepare yourself for the theatre, but one thing is essential. You may do as you think best about selecting an experienced actress for your teacher, but you MUST select an experienced actress for your grandmother.

Such a reply might be dispiriting in its effect, but there is wisdom in it. It says something about the theatre that is true and significant; something which, twenty-five or fifty years ago would have gone without saying, for the theatre then was still thought of as a world apart, a strange place where a black art was practiced by a gipsy folk, bred to it, doubtless, through generations, though of course one did not pretend to know enough about such people to say with any certainty.

Even to the end of the nineteenth century, this notion of the theatre as a world apart persisted. It may have been a long while ago that the laws of England classified actors along with rogues and vagabonds, and the churches there forbade them burial in consecrated ground. It may have been a long while ago that the first actresses to venture before an English audience —French hussies, they were—were hooted and pelted and generally treated in a manner so discouraging that it was clear, according to the delighted Puritan diarists of the day, that so unfeminine and offensive an exploit would never be repeated.

But it was not so very long ago that the Church of the Transfiguration in New York earned its cosy and hospitable name of the Little Church Around the Corner when it opened its doors to the burial service of an actor after a more haughty House of God on nearby Fifth Avenue had declined the opportunity. And it was not so very long ago that many of the more righteous among our preachers, when busy in exorcising the evil spirits from their communities, were rather given to using the word "actress" and the word "harlot" as interchangeable terms—both opprobrious.

It is only recently that this situation (still visible enough, of course, in some quarters) has begun to take on a slightly archæological aspect. Indeed, the pendulum has moved far in the last twenty-five years; swinging from the day when it was assumed that no decent woman would appear on the stage to the

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vague liberalism of the present day, when it is apparently assumed that any decent woman can. In such a day it is worth while pointing out that there is no art in which the force of heredity seems to play so controlling a part. To the young pretenders (by way of giving them pause, perhaps, or at least of instilling in them a little decent humility toward the house at whose doors they are knocking) it is worth while pointing out that the theatre has an aristocracy older and more deeply rooted than that which any other activity in American life can boast. The banker or the woolen merchant or the pedagogue who can say that his father and grandfather were bankers or woolen merchants or pedagogues before him, feels so great a strength and continuity in the fabric of that life that he fairly glistens with pride and with a sense of well being and security. But compared with the foremost actors of our stage, these tradesmen and philosophers are the merest parvenus.

Of this impression that the talents of the theatre are husbanded through the years, handed down from father to son, from mother to daughter, the annals of the American stage furnish repeated reminders and reinforcements. Such reminders come at odd times and in odd ways. Go into the Players Club, standing there on the south side of Gramercy Park, smoky, unpretentious and (for New York) quite thick with memories. There they will point out to you, with a certain unfathomable satisfaction, that the club, in all its years, has had but three presidents. The names of the three are written on the walls: Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, John Drew. But what they do not point out, probably because they think of it as a matter of course, is that each of these men, in his fleeting eminence, was no *nouveau riche* of the theatre, but one born in its purple, one trained to its speech from the cradle, one bred of showfolks.

The name of Booth has been in our playbills for more than a century. It is still there. The Jeffersons were of even older

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I watched his enigmatic smile off and on through that uncomfortable evening when two of these children of his sister were lending their potent name to a spurious play called *Clair de Lune*, a sleazy and pompous dramatization of Hugo's *L'Homme Qui Rit*. It worked itself up by easy stages to one scabrous scene wherein a degenerate Duchess made hot love to the hideous cripple with the mangled face; the part played, of course, by John Barrymore. That rôle of the Duchess seemed the most tempting in all the list of characters, and at first one wondered a little why Ethel Barrymore had passed it by and taken for herself the less palpitant part of the Queen. But, after the love scene, the reason was clear enough.

Consider, instead, who did play the Duchess. The part fell by this default to the slender, deft, uncanny hands of Violet Kemble-Cooper. Now if it be true that on our great occasions the spirits of our forbears gather around us, to brood over us, to wish us well and to watch what, of all they knew and handed on, we have remembered and kept bright—if that legend be true, what a throng of ghosts must have hovered in the wings at the Empire that night! For playing opposite to the heir-apparent of the Drew-Barrymore tradition was a young actress of an even more illustrious inheritance. Maurice Barrymore was there in the wings, of course—the handsome Barry who fluttered a thousand hearts in the days of the bustle and the redowa and the phaeton. And, of course, there was old Mrs. Drew, pounding her disapproval, I should think, with the now inaudible cane of Mrs. Malaprop. But there, too, were Fanny Kemble and John Philip Kemble and a score of other memories of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, awake in those wings because two heirs of theirs were out on the stage before an audience playing a love scene.

In writing of heredity, the word "environment" pops up as quickly and as inevitably as does the far end of a see-saw when, with firmness and conviction, you plant yourself on the other. It is difficult always to say of any player that he was born with his talent, since, just because he *was* born in the theatre, he wandered early upon the stage, and so was bent and shaped to its needs while he was young. One does not have to be a profound student of the stage to see the tremendous advantage that is held

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on it by those who begin their work there so early in life that they are as unconscious of it as of the air they breathe and of the sun that warms us all. They are growing up in the theatre in the precious years when the rest of us are outside, not only not learning how to act but, by every experience and precept and taboo of the breakfast-table and the sidewalk and the school-yard, are busily learning not to act at all.

Consider for a moment the most beautiful art which the theatre of our time has known, the incomparable art of Eleanora Duse. Her biographical note in *Who's Who in the Theatre* starts off with the single, significant line, "Born of strolling players." Are we to find the explanation of her art in that fact? Or is there no need to go back of the mere fact that she went on the stage as a baby, so young that by the time she was seven she was experienced enough to take over the post of prompter, and by the time she was sixteen she had had enough training to play the foremost rôles; enough, at least, to play Juliet in a production at Verona. Sixteen and playing Juliet at Verona! The next Vassar girl who writes down in April to Mr. Belasco that every one is so good as to call her pretty and that they did all admit she was perfectly splendid as Tweenie in *The Admirable Crichton*, and that she is only twenty-one, and please would he take her under his instruction and make a star of her some day—such a one might well receive back from him just a little engraved card with this legend on it: "When she was sixteen, Duse played Juliet at Verona!"

That biographical note of hers, so rare in its bluntness among the more pretentious paragraphs which are carefully and sometimes cryptically edited to adorn such records, might, as a matter of fact, be written after most of our best names in the theatre. Minnie Maddern Fiske, E. H. Sothern, Maude Adams—born of showfolks all and born while those folks were on tour. That was why it was possible for Maude Adams to make her first appearance on the stage at the age of nine months—her first entrance was on a platter—and why when little Minnie Maddern

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played a dozen rôles in as many towns and simply reeked of experience.

And lest it should seem from this review of the generations in respect to our players that it is only among them that this inheritance is marked, it should be noted that the same tradition can be observed at work among the other arts of the theatre. It is, therefore, worth mentioning parenthetically that the two best plays written by Americans in our time—*The First Year* and shall we say *Anna Christie*?—were the work of playwrights born of show-folks, the work of children of the theatre born on tour. And for those enthusiasts in matters of decoration who seem to feel that the actors and the playwrights are but negligible and rather annoying functionaries and that the true man of the theatre is he who dreams its scenes and brings them into being in a new beauty of line and light and color, it must be noted that their leader, too, was born on tour. For Edward Gordon Craig, before whom even George Jean Nathan bows himself in public and who was for so long a mere voice crying in the wilderness, not only had an actress for a daughter but an actress for a grandmother. It was out of the orthodox theatre of canvas palaces, flat flights of stairs and no end of grand draperies, that Craig went out to preach the new gospel. His mother, by the way, has also been a good actress. Her name is Ellen Terry.

There is a story in some old showman's memoirs of a visit paid back stage in the late 'sixties, when Tom Davey and Lizzie Maddern managed the stock company out in Columbus. The visitor was all for a little idle gossip and sat down for his comfort on the nearest costume-hamper which had been pushed against the dressing room wall; whereat Davey roared with alarm and dragged him off exclaiming: "Here, don't sit there, or you'll be smothering America's future tragedienne before she has had a chance!" And he lifted the cover far enough to show that that basket was serving as temporary cradle for a red-headed baby named Marie Augusta Davey, who was destined, in time, to get out of the basket and, after a necessary and proper interval, to become Mrs. Fiske.

Such tales as that have in them the tingle of the eternal renewal of the theatre, the same tingle I felt one hot night in the Summer

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of 1916, when I was watching some children in a settlement house on Avenue B, New York, perform with tremendous gravity the *Sherwood Forest* of Alfred Noyes. The boy who played Robin Hood was a striking, swarthy, unexpectedly deep-voiced youngster, who was later snuffed out in the war. The sight of his name in the programme had a little thrill in it for those of us who were out front. It was Richard Mansfield, 2nd.

So, when, from time to time, I hear a mighty sighing in the land over the fact that we have no great players any more, I manage to bear up because of my own suspicion that the next Ada Rehan is asleep tonight in a costume-hamper in some obscure theatre. And I think that, after all, we might better write to that girl in Poughkeepsie something in this wise:

My Dear Child:

Come if you must. You will find your way in the theatre full of the most heart-breaking discouragements and, even if you are not to be driven out of it, it is probable that the great rôles will never come your way. But you will have a daughter some day and the way will be easier for her. As for your granddaughter—why, she may play Juliet in Verona.

ALEXANDER WOOLCOTT.

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PAUL AND TWO WOMEN—II

A MORE EXCELLENT WAY

BY ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

It was a May evening and Rome was drenched in silvery light from a moon, brilliant and serene, riding in a windless, cloudless sky. In a modest house near the Porta Capena a few men and women had gathered, according to their custom on one night in the week, to exchange confidences about their new faith. No one of them held this faith composedly as an inheritance or a part of family tradition; rather, each had won it as an individual possession, in an emotional crisis of life. To some, perhaps, it had come full flowered, while in the hearts of others it had dropped like a seed to fructify in the daily ways of living; but to all, certainly, it was a new thing, a break from the old order of thought, a wonder still and a high romance. Their meetings were not formal or crystallized. These people came together just because they could not help sharing with each other a secret which to them seemed full of power, of sweetness, of joy. Their frankness was not the easy babbling of sentimentalists but the welling of clear streams of feeling across the barriers of ordinary reserve.

The house in which they met to-night belonged to Rufus, a repairer of musical instruments, and was redolent of refinement and an exquisite orderliness, as if harmony were the principle of his daily life, whether among the lyres and flutes in his workshop on the Via Sacra or here at home under the shadow of the great gateway. It was oddly placed in a noisy, restless neighborhood, where travelers leaving or coming into the city by the Appian Way were likely to halt on all sorts of errands. Directly opposite was a station where horses and carriages for a journey could be obtained and exchanged. Shops catering to every need crowded in and fastened like leeches upon the passing tour-

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ists. Eating houses and wine rooms of all grades sought the patronage of Senator or slave. All day long and into the night the street was vocal with hawking cries and boisterous with the clattering feet of horses and men. But the house of Rufus preserved within itself a quiet apartness.

The dining-room where he and his friends were eating supper together, simple as it was, gave evidence of taste. On the walls were painted two pictures, good of their kind although they indicated no great artist's hand. One of them was a landscape, with a green meadow and a brook, and a flock of sheep guarded by a shepherd, young and strong and debonair. The other showed a young Orpheus playing his lyre under an olive tree and drawing the birds and beasts of the wood to him by the lure of his music. "Both are like Jesus Christ," he used to say to new-comers, with a smile. To-night, however, only familiar friends had gathered about the supper table. The cloth and napkins were white and fine. Terra-cotta lamps, excellent in design, although inexpensive, threw a soft glow on the table, and over the baskets of fine wheat bread and the graceful earthenware mixing bowl and wine-cups.

After supper, Rufus read letters recently received from Christians in Antioch and Ephesus and Corinth. They were written in Greek, but had been translated before the meeting by Matho, a Greek government slave who was a copyist in the Palatine Library and had recently been brought to the "new way" by Lucius. These men and women and other groups like them in Rome, unimportant as they were in the life of the metropolis, were connected by long lines of communication with different parts of the Empire. Outside of the imperial and government circles, probably no other kind of Romans had so keen a sense of connections elsewhere. Back and forth over the long Roman roads and across the conquered seas passed news of the Kingdom of God. Although Christians lived the simplest daily lives, such as alone were open to their class and estate, they had an extraordinary reach of imagination. An idea connected this modest house near the Porta Capena with cities in Greece and Syria, and along the whole coast of Asia Minor. Those who believed in the idea were emissaries of a Kingdom to which all the nations

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of the earth must some day be gathered. In addition to living rightly themselves they conceived it to be their duty to pass on to all mankind the principle that had transfigured them. This vast hope lifted them over the ordinary frontiers of thought. Not even Rome herself could girdle their vision, which swept the whole empire, and even pierced, as keenly as that of the philosophers, beyond the "flaming ramparts of the world". An imagination so alert made it easy for them to establish a personal intimacy with unknown men and women at a distance. Such new relationships were more enlarging even than the common interests of their labor guilds. Nearer than their Roman neighbors, nearer even than some of their own households, seemed those far-off Greeks and Syrians who shared their citizenship in a new city of the mind, who united with them as sons and daughters, brothers and sisters, in the family of God. One of the charms of the evenings at Rufus's house was that this little band of hard-working people could lose their daily routine in a sense of wide affiliations without arousing ridicule or suspicion. To outsiders the very mention of such ideas seemed either the wordy extravagance of fools, or a sort of veiled treasonableness, as if in some way Rome and the Emperor were thereby made secondary.

Sometimes the meetings were interrupted by a loud knock at the door, with an errand from a neighbor or an inquiry from a stranger which laid claim to the courtesy or goodwill of the master of the house. But to-night no shadow from the world outside fell athwart the peace within. This was apparent when, after the reading of the foreign letters, conversation, friendly and warm during the supper, grew more earnest, and then, with a fine simplicity, changed to prayer. It was always the prayers of these people which were the most self-revealing, because, unlike the ritualistic formulas of their inherited religion, they had become a spontaneous mode of inward renewal, means, not of placating a God, but of "civilizing the whole inner man". On some nights the burdens of life would become apparent, needing to be lifted by common supplication to the God of comfort. The strain of toil, the bitterness of sorrow, the poison of anxiety, would be revealed in passionate pleas for strength and succor. But tonight it seemed as if only joy impelled the friendly com-

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munion. One after another, each prayer became an expression of love and praise and thankfulness. Rufus himself closed the hour. His gift for prayer was singular and preëminent, because he found it more natural to talk to God than to other men. When the spirit fell upon him he seemed to become oblivious of any human being near him. Prayer to him was the normal expression of a faith so burning that it consumed any ordinary shyness or unwillingness to reveal the innermost thoughts. More than once some stranger, touched lightly by the new faith and only persuaded by a friend to come to a meeting, had been swept onward by a prayer of Rufus to a compelling knowledge of the God to whom he prayed and the Christ before whom he laid bare the secrets of his conviction. To-night the desire of his prayer was that "the way" might be made clear to all who traveled in darkness. He prayed as even his friends had rarely heard him, until it seemed as if the walls of the room must disappear, and the infinite break through the expectant sky upon their straining vision.

Nobody tried to come after him. After a silence the company quietly broke up into smaller groups or pairs, and gradually drifted into the larger atrium where they could have music and sing together. Anna, the mother of Rufus, stayed behind to give some gentle order to the maid who came to clear the room. Lucius lingered to talk with her as he often did. After the servant had disposed of the table and the supper couches, they drew chairs toward each other and fell into conversation, while from the atrium floated in the soft refrain of a favorite psalm of Paul's, translated and set to the lyre by Rufus. Lucius always wanted to talk with Anna, because of all the Christians whom he knew, men or women, she seemed to him to have most completely made her own the star which was in the gift of Jesus Christ. His own delicate and sensitive nature felt in her something more delicate and more sensitive than himself, and at the same time something so high, so starry, that his friendship for her was mingled with a profound reverence. This quality, indeed, was felt by everybody who came in contact with her. She was no longer young. Her hair was gray, parted in the middle and curving across a low sensitive brow, but her skin

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was smooth and tender, like a child's, with a little flush in her cheeks like a pale pink rose. Her body was slender and small and graceful, like the stem of a birch tree in a soft winter landscape. Her ways were so courteous that everybody felt especially singled out by her for kindness and consideration. She never made any difference between people, because her manners clung to her as a quality of her own, not to be changed by the attitude of those who came near her. People invariably, therefore, gave her their best, restraining their tempers, hiding their littlenesses, trying unconsciously to measure up to her own largeness, of which she in turn was beautifully unconscious. Indeed, in the last analysis, Lucius had come to believe, it was the complete omission of self in her that made her the most potent personality among all their friends. He wondered about it a good deal. She never talked about unselfishness, never seemed conscious of doing her duty by other people, was only perplexed and even a little distressed if people told her that she helped them. When Narcissus had said once that he thought that you should assure yourself every night before you went to bed that you had helped somebody, she had seemed startled. "But how can I?" she said to Lucius afterwards. "How can we ever be sure that we help each other?" And yet among all the men and women who believed in this new religion of Love, nobody seemed to love as completely as Anna did. It must have been a native endowment, Lucius concluded, born with her in her cradle as physical beauty is born, and then cultivated and increased a hundredfold by the power of Jesus Christ within her. Her self simply was not there to form an obstruction, as so often it did in others, to the outpouring of a larger life. Through her, this life flowed out toward all around her. Old men and young men sought her friendship and counsel, women came to her with their troubles, children turned to her as flowers turn to the sun. Nor was she above the common facts of life. For the children she always had sweetmeats, for men and women a direct and penetrating common sense. It was evident to Lucius that deep within her were great areas of reserve. She talked less than any of them at their common meetings, and never prayed in their hearing. And yet of them all she supremely conveyed the im-

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pression of a life fed at inexhaustible sources. Excellent as was her intelligence, it was spiritual insight that set her apart and made her, in all her social obscurity, seem to those who knew her a really distinguished personage. Without analyzing it they perceived in her the result of habitual commerce with spiritual forces which were sought after by themselves with heavier travail. None who loved Paul wondered that he turned to Anna on terms of peculiar personal intimacy.

To-night Lucius wanted especially to ask her about the imprisoned leader whom he had not been able to visit for some time. There was a boom in the building trades and he had been working almost more hours than there were in a day. A little shadow fell over Anna's face. "I saw him only this afternoon," she said, "and I found him very tired and very sad. Who do you suppose had been to see him? Honoria, the sister of the lovely young Felicia—I think you were here one evening when she came. It was very fine of her to let her maid bring her, and we all thought her exquisitely courteous—do you remember? I have seen something of her, and also at her house I have met the sister. I had heard that Honoria was very learned and clever, but she met me the first time in a simple, natural way, and I felt at once for her a strong liking. Since then we have had several talks—I have found it unusually easy to talk with her because she is so honest. I knew that she had been very happy over her sister, but I never dreamed that she would herself go to see Paul. She had just left him when I arrived. He seemed more depleted than I have found him after arguments and discussions with the Jews. In surprise I said to him, 'But if she came at all, she must have been willing to receive. She was not defiant, was she?' 'No, no!' he said wearily enough, 'but she held out the wrong cup to be filled. She brought me her intellect, and to that Jesus crucified is but a stumblingblock and foolishness.'"

Lucius leaned forward, eager to listen, and as the tender music swelled a little more loudly through the open door, seeming, as it were, to isolate and protect them in their comprehension of each other, Anna told him, as she had told no one else, not even her son, of the hour of agony through which she had sat with Paul. To Lucius she could entrust her sorrow for the torture of a

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great soul. And from the story his sensitive spirit garnered a new understanding, which bore fruit thereafter in the lives of other men and women. Such was their creative transmutation of Paul's hour of hopelessness. Fevered and uncontrolled as Anna had rarely seen him, walking up and down the room without his usual regard for the soldier who must walk with him, their leader had poured out to her in burning words how Honoria, searching for his ideas, had entirely missed the central passion of his life, the beginning and the end of all his thinking. He had not made Jesus Christ real to her. His own passion had evidently sobbed itself out to Anna as if he had betrayed his Master, as if he had crucified Him afresh, in failing to stamp His image forever on one more human heart.

But that had not been all. If the immensity of his regret seemed far to transcend the importance of Honoria, it was because Honoria's state of mind had widened out for him into sweeping memories of his own past. Once he, too, had relied upon the intellect, immured himself within the understanding, measured the ways of God by the learning of men. And what had been the result? He had persecuted and denied Jesus Christ in the persons of His followers. He had breathed out fire and slaughter against those whom he should most have loved. He had been "exceeding mad" against those whose feet he should have washed in humility and reverence.

Sin—sin—the sin of his blindness—not even Christ could forever wash away the memories of it. Only when he was suffering for Christ, stoned or beaten with rods, hungering or thirsting, subjected to perils of land or sea, knowing weariness or painfulness—only then could he feel at peace. And here in Rome, well treated although in prison, fed and clothed and victim of no sudden peril by day or night, there were hours when the madness of remorse had its way with him. Honoria, for all her responsive courtesy, had created for him such an hour. At its close—so he told Anna—all he could see was the face of Stephen, looking like an angel when they stoned him, and himself holding their garments that they might the quicker kill him. Yes, Anna said to Lucius, it had been a cruel time for Paul; and she dreaded the night ahead for him—sleepless, prob-

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ably, tortured by hatred of himself, agonized by thoughts of the world's blindness, exhausted by the futility of his yearning to bring light among the shadows.

She ceased speaking and they sat in silence for a long time. The music in the atrium had given place to a murmur of contented voices. The soft air from the summer night came in from an open window on the quieter side of the house. The moonlight strayed in, too, and fell across a little bird in the picture of Orpheus playing the magic music. A thoughtful slave, who had been allowed to share the singing in the atrium, slipped in to replenish the lamps. Anna's face had grown serene again. She clasped her hands quickly in a young, happy gesture that her friends loved, and turned to Lucius with a smile. "Ah, dear friend," she said, "he is a great man, and he is our leader and guide and teacher. But he, too, needs just to become a child again. That would be the way of Jesus Christ."

ANNE C. E. ALLINSON.

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MUSEUMS OF ART

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

"Too big! Too big!" So exclaims a friend of mine, an intelligent friend, when I boast of something newly acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art. "The place is much too large. We should be far better off if we had several small museums instead of such a big one."

"Why?" I need not repeat the answer in detail. Physical fatigue, mental confusion, inability to find what one wants to see, eventual vexation and discouragement—dwelling upon trials such as these, many other intelligent people deplore the size of the Metropolitan. Intelligent, I repeat, to point the fact that they are of a kind that ought not to be unintelligent in this matter. They have not thought about it. They have thought only of their own personal pleasure in visiting a museum. They should think with a broader sympathy. They should think as they already do about public libraries. They do not declare that the New York Public Library, or any other, is "too big".

But, you may say, the Metropolitan is what it is—a great general museum of the arts. It is big and it will stay big and grow bigger. Why dwell, then, upon a merely academic question? It is not academic; it is a living and an important question. It is very important that the public should be satisfied with its museums and the way they are managed, should understand what they are meant to be and how they may best be used and enjoyed. It is important also that possible givers should not be tempted to fancy that any museum needs no more gifts. And it is important that the citizens of other American towns, so apt to look to New York for examples to follow or avoid, should not be misled.

A surprisingly large number of museums of art have been founded in this country in recent years, foreshadowing, of course, many more to follow. No general rules can be laid down as to

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how they may rightly be started: the problem ought in each case to be studied afresh with an eye to the size of the town, its resources, the character of its population, and its nearness to other towns which already possess museums of art. But I may at least try to explain why no great and wealthy city need hesitate to plan for collections which will grow into a great and varied museum; why, in fact, such a museum will serve such a city better than could a number of small ones each devoted to certain branches or periods of art.

The first reason is the lesser cost of a single large than of several small museums. In respect to sites and buildings this may easily be understood. But the public does not understand the great expense of running a museum properly or the difficulty of getting money for the purpose. He who gives or bequeaths money for the purchase of works of art can see with his mind's eye concrete results, and among them those little labels affixed to the objects bought with his "fund" which will keep his name agreeably alive. But he who gives for maintenance, or gives without restrictions knowing that his money will probably be used for maintenance, does so out of pure unselfish love for his fellow-citizens. Therefore his gifts are rarer. Despite the aid it gets from the city, the Metropolitan is so short of money for running expenses that year by year a large deficit must be met from funds which should if possible be used for purchases, and from the pockets of its trustees.

Such troubles would be still greater were there several museums instead of one. With segregated collections there would be no need, perhaps, for any large increase in the number of officials and employees of certain kinds; but of other kinds, beginning with the Director himself, as many would be required in each small museum as in a great one. So it may be said of other costs as well as of salaries—for example, of the expense of maintaining the necessary photographic ateliers and repair shops. Moreover, a single reservoir of money that may be used for purchases as occasion prompts can do the public better service than several small funds each confined to a limited class of objects.

But pecuniary arguments are in this matter merely the beginning of wisdom. There are also questions of supervision and management. Even in a city as large as New York it is hard to

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get the right number of persons of the right kind to give without recompense their time and thought as trustees of a museum. To multiply such boards would inevitably decrease efficiency; and to think that a single board might supervise several museums situated in different parts of the city shows little knowledge of what such work would mean. Again, it is hard to find as yet properly accomplished museum directors and curators. Often they must largely train themselves for their work after it begins, and it is well for them if they can have the help of association with many colleagues.

Most important to consider, however, are the needs and desires of the frequenters of a museum. Broadly speaking, these fall into five classes: serious students, professional or amateur, of art and the history of art; lovers of art who do not care or have not the time to study it; sight-seers; school children; and persons practically concerned with the applied arts.

The serious student is not likely to complain of the size of a museum—of the multiplicity of its collections or of the extent of any one of them. He knows that the arts of one time and country cannot be understood without some knowledge of those of other times and lands; or, if he is working in a different fashion, he knows that one branch of art cannot be intelligently examined in its parallel and consecutive manifestations without some knowledge of the development of other branches. He knows that in either case, in any case, *comparison* must be the basis of study, the touchstone of judgment. And the nearer together he finds the various objects that he must consider, the lighter his labors will be, not only lighter in the physical sense but easier intellectually. He will be thankful that he does not have to wait till another day and go to the other end of the city to make comparisons; and the more objects of any kind he can observe, the better right he will have to feel sure of his conclusions. Of course he will complain if he finds a professedly rich collection "stuffed" with inferior material, but if the material be good he can hardly have too much of it.

As it is with the collections, so it is with their necessary or desirable adjuncts—the photographs and casts that may supplement and the books that may elucidate them. Necessary indeed

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are the books. The library of a museum of art is not a bibliophile's collection of rare or beautiful volumes. Such volumes it may contain, but its purpose is to supply books which, whether beautiful or not, facilitate the study of the arts. Very large it may be, for the possible books are many. Large it must be, for it must serve not only the public but first of all the curators of the museum, and their needs are wide. Their work is not simply to watch the market, find things for the trustees to buy, arrange the galleries attractively, and keep their contents in good condition. They must *know* about the things that they wish to buy and that living or dead people wish to give them, and also they must impart of their knowledge to the public. They must compile catalogues, handbooks, and bulletins and write labels, and when this is done as copiously and instructively as it is at the Metropolitan it means much knowledge of an accurate kind, much research carried, very often, into fields of art with which the object in view may seem to have little relation. And what the curators must know, other students will wish to know. Could we hope, therefore, to have a really good library in each of our imagined small museums? Would it be worth while thus to spend the money that would be needed for duplication and reduplication? Or should the books be segregated to match, so to say, the segregated collections? Would this, indeed, be possible without, again, much reduplication? In certain books, of course, the subject-matter is distinctly and more or less narrowly limited. But even upon these, as I have implied, the student of some other phase of art will often wish to call, and many costly books and voluminous periodicals deal with many branches or periods of art. No—we shall do all that even a city like New York can hope to do if we build up a single reference library such as a museum of art should contain.

When the lover of art who is not a student deserves his name, when he takes true delight in the interesting and beautiful works of the human hand, he should have no quarrel with a museum on account of its size. If it is strange to him he may lose his way, but he can hardly lose his time. Or, if he wants especially to pasture his eye in some particular field, surely he should have intelligence enough to ask his way and to pursue it until he reaches his objec-

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tive, no matter how many green fields and flowery copses open seductively from his path. And in either case he should have intelligence enough to be satisfied with what he can see within the limits of his time and strength. That under the same roof there is much else to see—why should this annoy him any more than it would to know that there are other things in other buildings or in other towns?

But too often the professed lover of art is merely a sight-seer, and quantity is the test of a sight-seer's satisfaction. Curiosity, not true interest, is his motive power. If he has "missed" anything the fact that he has seen a great deal does not console him. He does not wish really to see the things in a museum, to appraise them, enjoy them, and put them away in his mind for remembrance. He wants to "see the museum", to find out what it contains. To leave some parts of it unseen afflicts him as it would to leave a theatre before the last act. Especially if he comes from afar he wants to go home with the feeling that he has "seen the Metropolitan"; and if he has not seen the whole of it he is likely, whether he comes from afar or lives close at hand, to protest in explanation, "Of course it is much too big." It is from him, from the sight-seer who may or may not think himself a lover of art, that come the complaints about the undue size of a museum.

There must be many true lovers and real students of art in New York who have never seen everything in the Metropolitan and are content that so it should be. Interested in certain things, they look at these as often as they can and contentedly let other things wait for ampler hours—or let them go. It may seem odd that even a sight-seer cannot do the same, and odd that he would not feel so discontented were there several small museums instead of one large one and he had not visited them all. But this is a fact, for it is a fact that, although there are other places in New York besides the Metropolitan where fine works of art may be seen, the sight-seer seldom laments his ignorance of them. And his frame of mind is not odd; it is merely illogical.

As for our school children they are, with a difference, in the same case as the serious student. Although their needs are very different their immediate wants are the same. They too are best

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served by many collections gathered together under a single roof. Of course they cannot yet really study or really appreciate works of art, but they can learn something about them and form fruitful habits of mind and eye and hand. And it is by no means only to learn about the arts as such that we are now taking our children to museums. At last we are discovering that the arts have not been developments set apart and aloft beyond the horizon of the common man but have been part and parcel of the growth of the nations. We are learning to see, in addition to their prime value as creators of beauty, their indispensable value as illustrators of human life, as interpreters of the customs, the belongings, the deeds, beliefs, ideas, and ideals of the people who produced them. And so we are learning to utilize their products not only as object lessons in the nature of beauty and in the principles of design, and not only as cultivators of good taste, but also as aids to text-books of different kinds—as aids that will both stimulate interest and enlarge knowledge, that will illustrate, accentuate, clarify, vivify what the text-book in history, for example, in geography, in literature, in mythology, endeavors to convey. And how many fields of art one such attempt at illustration may need to traverse! Think, for instance, of a text-book chapter on the Crusades—what a multitude of things may illumine it, from the model of a cathedral and the casts of statues to relics of armor and weapons, jewelry, textiles, utensils, and also the modern pictures in which such things are sometimes more fully represented than by their actual remains. The path of a school class bent upon such a quest may be a long one within the walls of a great museum, but how much longer and more difficult if it led hither and thither from a picture gallery in one part of town to a collection of casts in another part and, elsewhere again, to a museum of Oriental art.

For children who use a museum library the case is again the same. They do use it, some of them, it may be worth while to aver. Recently I sat in the library of the Metropolitan at the same table with two girls of about fourteen who were making notes from manuals of Egyptian archæology. I found them at their task, an hour and a half later I left them at it, and in the meantime they had spoken barely a word to each other and scarcely

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raised their eyes from the open books and diligent pencils. Just what they were doing I do not know, but certainly they were doing it seriously. Of course, young students of this kind, who need guidance more than older ones, are best served by a single museum library. Neither they nor their teachers have to wonder where they will find what they want; they know that the Metropolitan is the place. Nor do they have to learn to feel at home in several places amid several groups of librarians and attendants.

Once more: as it is with the children so it is with those among their elders who go to a museum, who are learning to go there in ever-increasing numbers, for help in some branch of industrial or decorative art. Manufacturers of many kinds of things, dealers, salesmen, artisans, designers, illustrators, scene-painters, costumers, actors, "movie" people—the list is long, the needs of those who figure in it are manifold and often cannot be met without wide opportunities to make comparisons. I may add that to both children and working adults museums now offer special study-rooms, "gallery talks", and lectures, all of which, like the lessons of the school-teacher from outside, need to be supplemented by visits to the galleries. We have begun to understand that without what has been called "visual instruction" no verbal instruction in matters of art can be of value, and often the visual instruction demanded by a single lecture or gallery talk must be gathered along many paths.

Not long ago it would have seemed strange enough to bracket together as entitled to consideration in the establishment and the conduct of a museum of art all these differing kinds of possible visitors, from the historian of art and the expert in criticism to the school-child and the maker of neckties or spoons. (I have seen in a department store neckties labelled as made of silks designed from examples in the Metropolitan.) In the old days museums and galleries were thought of as safe repositories for valuable things prized by people already cultivated in this special direction. It was understood that such people would get pleasure and profit from such things. But it was hardly thought that the public at large would greatly concern itself about them, or that anyone would wish to learn about them—or, at all events, that anyone would expect their guardians to aid and supplement, in

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the museum itself, such instruction as its contents might in themselves afford. Proper conservation and perfunctory little catalogues, and the guardians' duty was done. But a time came when the museum wished and hoped to attract the general public, and now it feels that it must also instruct the public while serving the scholar and continuing to give delight to the connoisseur. Not long ago one of the administrators of an American museum told me that when he began his work all that he cared to consider, all that he thought worth considering, was the approval and the benefit of other scholars. To-day he is one of those who know best how to attract and to teach the public. "No museum," said recently another such official, "now has a right to ask to be supported by the city or the public unless it works for its living."

Of course it is not to be understood that in a museum size should be first considered, quantity and variety exalted above quality. From every point of view a few fine things, even though they represent a narrow field of art, are preferable to many poor ones. And the larger a museum grows, the higher the standard of quality should be set. Things that the Metropolitan might rightly have accepted when it was small and poor it may now with a clear conscience refuse. In certain directions, indeed, it should now look only for masterpieces, leaving all else for newer, needier institutions.

Nor should it be thought that there is no honorable, useful place in the world for a small museum excepting in a small town where, if it is rightly planned and managed, the people may be as well content with it as with their small public library. A city with the largest predicable museum will always have place for small collections that are good of their kind, and of certain kinds it will always have need. A school of design like Cooper Union needs its own illustrative collections and its own explanatory books just as a law school needs its own library. To take a very different example, it is as important that Spanish art as that Spanish literature should be represented in the rooms of the Hispanic Society. And to find an example of still another sort we may look at the Egyptian treasures owned by the New York Historical Society. A few years ago those who tried to make acquaintance with them could hardly bear the thought that they

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had to stay where they were. Slowly, or not so slowly, many of them were perishing through neglect, and they were quite forgotten by a public never encouraged to visit them. They might almost as well have been reburied in the New World to which they had been brought half a century before. If, we felt, they could be transferred to the Metropolitan they would be rescued, they would be seen, they would be explained, and—many of them very unusual, some of them unique—they would admirably enlarge a treasury already rich and high in favor with the public. But four or five years ago the Historical Society rediscovered them, so to say, and put them in charge of an expert who is gradually saving and reviving them, and so displaying them that they instructively supplement the Metropolitan collection. That is, at the Metropolitan the material is, of course, arranged in chronological order, all the various things of the same period grouped together. But at the Historical Society, most wisely in view of the amount and the character of the material, the grouping is not according to periods but according to kinds. Thus anyone, who at the Metropolitan has familiarized himself with periods, sequences, successive styles, will here be able to study advantageously this or that kind of object as in divers periods it may have been produced. There is still room for a difference of opinion. Still it may be felt that these treasures might better have been added to those in the great museum. Yet no one can question the interest or the value of the smaller collection as it will be when its arrangement is completed and, we may hope, proper galleries for displaying it are built.

Different from any of these is the private collection that has passed into public keeping—a collection of pictures, it may be, or, like the Altman collection, of pictures and other beautiful things. Many grieved, very naturally grieved, when the Altman collection was moved to the Metropolitan from the well arranged and delightful galleries where it had been assembled. And everyone, I think, is content that the Frick collection should stay where it is. For, despite all that may most truthfully be said about the prime need for a great and widely hospitable museum, about the need for study, for instruction, for the opportunity to make comparisons, we also need sometimes to enjoy the mere passive contem-

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plation of beautiful things, and for this a small collection, if harmoniously composed, gives the better chance. But, let us remember, the Frick collection, all of our small collections and any that we may hereafter acquire, would be far less valuable were not the Metropolitan at hand to help us to learn how to enjoy them.

And it should also be remembered, especially by intending benefactors, that there is one place where a small collection, whether of pictures or of varied things, has no right to exist. It has no right to exist inside a large museum. Here all the things ought to be incorporated with the main collections, distributed in accordance with the general scheme of arrangement. Of course a public which does not thoroughly understand such matters might well blame a museum for refusing fine things even when offered under hampering conditions. A donor who is its real friend will not put it to so severe a test.

There is still another argument in favor of large museums. More limited collections, unless they serve actual working places like Cooper Union, are always in danger of dying. A great museum ought to "work for its living" but a small one must in some way work to keep itself alive. A great museum ought to justify its demand for public support by doing its best to inform the intelligence, cultivate the eye, and improve the taste of the people, but its mere size, the multitude and variety of its contents, will keep it in the public mind. The mere fact that we find it difficult to see everything it owns, added to the fact that, like a river draining a wide watershed, its riches constantly increase, brings us back to it again and again. But small museums, which are usually like lakes that remain at the same level, incur the danger that familiarity breeds. They are likely to decline from places of living interest into morgues or mausoleums, such as were for many years the galleries of the Historical Society—not only those that contained its Egyptian treasures but those that were filled with interesting and valuable pictures. It is not alone in our restless immature America that this may happen. We can all remember in European cities small collections of very beautiful things which virtually no one visits except the passing tourist. Nor is it only the sight-seer who craves the charm and stimulus of novelty. So does the student or the true lover of the arts.

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Besides his cultivated bodily eye he has a cultivated mental eye which sees very clearly such things as he has taken pains to hang in the chambers of his memory. What he has often seen he carries with him wherever he goes. Of course he likes to see it again and again with his bodily vision, but he wants still more to see new things, for this means not only an hour of fresh delight but also a growth in knowledge and the enrichment of his permanent mental treasury. The true amateur of beauty as well as the simple sight-seer makes a special effort to visit the museum where new acquisitions of kinds that appeal to him are put on view or a loan collection of them has been gathered. Even the largest museum ought in this way to excite an interest which will stimulate and develop interest in the museum as a whole, in its familiar as well as its novel possessions. I need hardly say that it is much more difficult for a small museum, which most often has no money to spend except upon mere maintenance, to vivify public interest either by the proffer of new things to see or by explanatory instruction. And the more narrowly specialized it is, the harder is the task.

I want especially to emphasize this point—that the desire to see new as well as familiar works of art is no more a sign of superficiality or stupidity or apathy than the desire to read books one has not read before. The more we care for the Rembrandts or the Titians that we have seen, the keener we are to look upon others. When a lover of Rembrandt sees for the first time the great landscape that Mr. Widener owns, or a lover of early Italian painting the splendid Bellini that Mr. Hamilton lent not long ago to the Metropolitan, it is an epoch in the history of his high pleasures, just as would be to a lover of literature or music his acquaintance with a hitherto unknown poem by Milton or a newly discovered Beethoven symphony.

It is a great part of the duty of a museum to gratify such right and reasonable, natural, laudable desires by borrowing as well as by purchasing or by accepting gifts, and this duty may well include the temporary exhibition of the work of living artists who have been much talked about even though they may hardly have the right to expect a welcome as permanent residents in the museum.

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Many people who do not understand that a museum wants and even needs to borrow good things are bashful about proffering them when they wish to make safe disposal of their treasures for a time. They feel that they are asking a favor, perhaps too great a favor. Really, if their things are fine, they are conferring a favor on the public and on the museum as its intermediary. The business of a museum is to show the public beautiful or interesting works of art. If it can show them in perpetuity, so much the better; if it can show them for a time, this also is well. Circumstances may, of course, prevent the acceptance of even a very tempting offer. For example, I have known a museum to decline regretfully the loan of a pair of small mediaeval stained glass windows because it would have been unwise to make openings in the outer wall of the building for the display of temporary possessions. But in general a museum is glad to borrow good things whether a loan collection is in prospect or not. In fact, such things are especially welcome when they can be placed where they rightly belong—among other objects of a similar kind. More and more this matter of grouping, of the close association of kindred things, is seen to be important. It was an innovation but an admirable one when a couple of years ago the Metropolitan, assembling a remarkably fine loan collection to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its own birth, did not keep the things together but distributed them through many galleries, each borrowed object being placed with its fellows but labelled as a transient possession.

It cannot be too often said that the modern, or at all events the American, museum of art now feels that its duty is to serve the public in every possible way. The more use that people make of it for the benefit of the public or of an individual, the better its guardians will be pleased. And the better the people will love it, and the more convinced they will become that, while small collections are desirable and sometimes are necessary, the chief need of a great city is for a great and diversified, an ever-growing and ever-active treasury of the arts.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

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THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN

BY MARY VIDA CLARK

It is a hundred years since we have heard much of the Rights of Man. The French Revolution put a quietus on that topic. The past century has talked volubly of Women's Rights, but apparently the problems of feminism are among those largely solved by the Great War. It will soon be the turn of the last remaining unenfranchised class of human beings to claim their rights—the children.

Just as women were considerably unsettled by the egocentric struggles of their mates and would try their hand at the same game, so the extramural activities of mothers have increasingly upset the objects for which home and hearth are supposed to exist, and doubtless will in time make for the wider recognition of the particular brand of servitude to which this class is subjected. From among the innumerable rights to which the child is entitled as corollaries of his inalienable constitutional rights to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness", a few may be selected for present consideration.

First in importance and chronology is the child's right to life—to be at all. In these days when no one is too young and innocent to chatter glibly of "birth control", the right of the next generation to exist seems in danger of being overlooked. The philosophers of an earlier day reduced our many human instincts to the two fundamentals of self-preservation and propagation, but it remained for this generation to stir up an open conflict between the two, and to exalt the egoistic over the altruistic.

But we who with such equanimity contemplate the denial of the duty of parenthood in general, and the exercise of the right of the woman "to live her own life", could hardly conceive a world in which we personally were deprived of participating. How monstrous it would seem to us if we ourselves had actually

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been denied existence because of the preference of our parents for French millinery or what not! And yet this is what we see all about us. How many so-called families do we not know who, on incomes of from $5,000 up, cannot afford a child or more than one, but who can afford to spend on "little dinners" at restaurants or on "girl and music shows" and on extra frills at home enough to support in decency several young hopefuls? Someone may urge that such people are not fit to be parents. Perhaps not; few people are, for that matter. But perhaps if they had the gumption to make the sacrifices that parenthood demands, the qualities that survived the conflict of motives might make them fit. To how many people who feel it desirable to restrict their progeny to the minimum, would the luxury of children, which might be so good for them, be possible through abstinence from those things that they would be better off without? From the point of view of self-interest and a forward-looking calculation of profit and loss, many couples might support children by saving the large fees for medical and sanatorium care for the neurasthenia that their mode of life is likely to induce.

The right of the married to be childless appears to go hand in hand with the right of the unmarried to have children, which seems to be one of the tenets of the new religion. The result of putting this preachment into practise, as it affects the chief agents, does not concern us here; but how about the party of the third part concerned therein—the child? What this school of thought tends to minimize or ignore is the fundamental right of the child to have a father.

It is not only in Bohemia but also in Mayfair that one is now likely to meet the female free-thinker and theoretical free-lover, generally a spinster of unspotted reputation, who proclaims the right of every woman to have a child if she pleases, and out of matrimony, if matrimony is undesired or unattainable. The *modus operandi* to effect this "woman's right" is not touched upon, and the earnest inquirer is left in doubt as to the method. What is generally kept in the background is the child's relation to the paternal parent, if there is to be one, or its relation to life without the customary equipment of a father.

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Does it occur to no one to plead that a child has a right not merely to a begetter but to a father, a real father, with a back and shoulders to ride on at the appropriate time, who develops into a companion for fishing and such activities, with whom a fellow can stand gazing at machinery, and who knows a thing or two about it—just a plain father, who lives at home and supports his family?

Of course it is not to be denied that there are unfortunate children who are deprived by death of one or both of their properly married and publicly recognized parents, and that such may live a reasonably normal and happy life. But it seems a pity that these "acts of God" should be copied by human institutions already too imperfect.

Nor should we decry the admirable and rapidly increasing tendency of the home-loving spinster who has abandoned thoughts of a husband, to satisfy her maternal instinct and do her bit for the world by adopting a homeless child. A fatherless home with a good foster-mother is a better place to rear the young than an orphan asylum. Perhaps the phenomenon of the modern excessive supply of maternally-minded unmarried women is Nature's method of providing for the also excessive products of marriages prematurely dissolved by physical or moral disaster.

All these exceptions, however, are at best makeshifts, and serve chiefly to call attention to the fact that the child who is properly equipped for life has two parents, as well as two arms and legs, however many cripples there may unhappily be in the world.

Next in importance is the child's right to brothers and sisters, or what our eugenic friends call by the comic name of "siblings". If the plural is in all cases too much to demand, at least one "sibling" should be a minimum concession. The liability of the only child to the danger of being "spoiled" has been long and widely recognized. The expectation of moral life which can be calculated for an only child is about equal to that of the proverbial "minister's son". But it is not only in the strictly moral sphere that to be an only child is an extra hazardous occupation. Our ultra-modern psychologists and psychiatrists are calling attention to previously unrecognized mental risks, and warning us that this way madness lies. The first decade of life is no longer pictured as a garden of delight, but as a field of battle where "invisible armies

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clash by night". It is in these infantile conflicts ("conflict" is the technical word) that those wounds of the spirit are acquired, which, after festering in "the unconscious" for a few decades, break out in the neuroses and psychoses of middle life. One of our leading Freudians has produced a learned monograph entitled *The Only or Favorite Child*, a signpost pointing out the *descensum Averno* down which these pre-ordained victims of infant damnation are pushed by the fatuous and doting parents who are called by an inscrutable Providence to do the work. According to this school of thought, the superior opportunity that the only child is afforded by his freedom from domestic competition is that of ending his days in an insane asylum—and being able to be a paying patient.

But even without these lurid lights on this dark subject, we can feel our way to the sensible realization that an only child is at best a forlorn and unnatural object, arbitrarily and unjustly deprived of the company of his peers, and condemned to excessive and demoralizing association with rude-mannered adults, constantly intruding their unwelcome attentions, and making the unfortunate an object of ridicule to the more happily situated groups of brothers and sisters to be observed in the outer world. To fail to conform to the requirements of this abnormal environment, where one is the only one of his kind in his world, makes for immediate misery; and to conform, it now appears, results in even more serious disaster in the future. A cruel dilemma indeed for a guileless enterer in life's handicap! And yet the senile speak of "childhood's happy hours"!

Consider next the child's right to respectful treatment. The rudeness exhibited by most adults in their relations with children is fully recognized only by the victims themselves, who are too forbearing and well-mannered to speak out in their own defense. The child is a very serious-minded individual, engaged in a life and death struggle for existence and growth and knowledge, in a world ill adapted to meet his needs, to which he must by increasing and herculean effort learn to conform. Self-respect and consideration for others demand the repression, so far as possible, of external indications of the conflict going on within the soul; but to the combatant, conscious of the struggle, life and himself are

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very serious propositions. To the adult, however, whose growing pains have ceased and been forgotten with the conclusion of his stunted development, the child, because of a certain meretricious outer appearance of calm, seems for some inscrutable reason an object of hilarity, to be treated jocosely when not subjected to autocratic domination and suppression. A sense of humor, in cases where it exists at all, is a development of maturity, a thing not born but made. The child still regards life as real and earnest. Yet his serious observations on his discoveries in the natural and supernatural world are treated by thick-headed grown-ups as funny sayings to be bandied about for public entertainment. Who is possessed of a memory so short as to include no example of the humiliating experience of overhearing, or even hearing in his presence, his elders' hilarious enjoyment of his carefully thought-out comments on the nature of things as they are or seem to be? The otherwise civilized adult who would not dream of greeting with roars of laughter, or even with a smile, the *naïvété* of another adult who had not enjoyed similar privileges of education or experience, will unhesitatingly laugh in the face of a child who has paid him the compliment of confiding an observation or asking a question regarding some matter of serious concern. The child, naturally sensitive to ridicule, soon learns to keep to himself his queries and his discoveries, painfully and laboriously acquiring knowledge by putting two and two together through æons of time. Who cannot recall certain of the problems of his child mind? How, for instance, did a war come to an end; was it when one side had lost its last man? Did contemporary kings and queens wear crowns and ermine, or clothes just like other people? What was a wing of a house referred to in a story book; did some houses have attached to them gigantic birds' wings, under which the happy inmates could sit in the cool shade? One must be on the lookout for such houses. As for those fundamentally important and puzzling questions regarding the sources of life, the evidence was really too confusing, and what colossal accumulations of twos and twos were required to put anything together satisfactorily in that department of essential knowledge!

The right to conform is an important but little recognized right of the child which deserves thoughtful consideration by the

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humanitarian. It should be remembered that childhood is the reproduction of the age of taboo, which presumably afflicted our ancestors even more than it does us, since its more rigid forms are more widely prevalent among partly-civilized tribes of every continent. The "instinct of the herd" so learnedly described by the delightful Trotter is perhaps the strongest motive power of our "contemporary ancestors" of the age of eight to sixteen.

Think of the tortures to which youthful conformists are subjected by unconventional parents, given to erratic ideas about dress reform, or a tendency to refrain from regular church attendance or to indulge in public speaking, divorce, or other aberrations of conduct. "What Maisie Knew" is nothing to what she suffered in her silent and sensitive little soul from the social eccentricities of the parents who squabbled alternately to grab her from each other and to dump her upon each other.

Parents who subject their male offspring to the humiliation of curls and kilts, and the young of the "eternal feminine" to simple white lawn party dresses where silk and lace are the mode, should be arrested and prosecuted for being instigators of the indecent exposure of the young and corrupters of public morals.

These are but a few of the fundamental rights to which the many evidences of suffering child humanity call the attention of the seeing eye. And as women depended for their enfranchisement upon the all-powerful male voter, so the helpless child must await its liberation at the hands of the omnipotent grown-up. Happily for the cause of childhood, every adult has at some more or less remote and forgotten period, experienced in his own person what it is to be some kind of a child—an advantage that the child has in his relation to the adult over that of the woman to the man. With the aids to memory increasingly furnished by our literature, scientific, fictional and pictorial, relating to the nature and activities of the young at every age from the prenatal to "Seventeen", there is hope that the world may in time move to the liberation of the last of the subject races.

MARY VIDA CLARK.

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THE FOUNDING OF MAIN STREET—IV

BY STANLEY T. WILLIAMS

THE LETTERS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD

"Dear Mr. Arnold," wrote the great P. T. Barnum, as Matthew Arnold neared Bridgeport, "you are a celebrity, I am a notoriety; we ought to get together." The American magazines of 1883 and 1884 congratulated themselves that this visitor was really a celebrity, a celebrity who had studied our institutions, and who was likely to make more than insular comments on our *mores*. Had not Mr. Arnold already written an essay on America, and had he not spoken with sympathy regarding our liberalism? More than any other Victorian who had examined the founding of Main Street he possessed a vision of the hopes and aims of society as a whole. True, his learning was not deep, but his culture was broad and of the best. He was neither a statesman nor a politician, but he knew a good deal about democracy, and other social experiments. Moreover, although one might question the working value of Arnold's phrase doctrines of "culture" and "sweetness and light", no one could deny the fine quality of their idealism. In fact one periodical said outright that he would be a better judge of America than other recent visitors, William Black, Herbert Spencer, John Freeman, or even Professor Geikie and Mr. Bagley Potter.

It is a little discouraging, then, to read in *The Nineteenth Century* of 1888 what the celebrity said of this infant democracy. The "remnant", "numbers," "*Gemeinheit*"—how these cool tributes to our social organization reverberated through the rocks and rills, the woods and templed hills, of America; or rather through the editorial offices of every magazine and newspaper! The celebrity was hard on our society. Of course he found some things to praise: He pointed out—Mrs. Trollope to the contrary on this point—that there was real equality in America; and

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in American women, though their voices were by no means gentle and low, he discovered the charm of naturalness. About other things—Arnold was never silent concerning our social evolution—one may read for himself what Arnold thought of our democracy. At this moment we are interested rather in what Arnold thought of American life and manners; with what eyes he beheld the persons and things which irritated Mrs. Trollope, which disgusted Dickens, and which amused Thackeray. What, for example, did the celebrity think of the notoriety?

It is all in the *Letters*. Mrs. Trollope had been gone from America more than forty-five years; Thackeray more than twenty-five; Dickens about fifteen. What had happened in the interval to Main Street? Arnold marched down it, a critical judge. We were seen, naked and unashamed, by the elegant Jeremiah, the priest of the kid-glove persuasion, the Professor of Greek, the man who believed in the well-known preference of the Almighty for University men. He suffered. There can be no doubt of that. I fancy that, had he been here in Mrs. Trollope's day, he would not have endured it. All that was better in our culture since the visits of these others was offset by the quality of this mind that surveyed us in the 'eighties. Commodus visiting the barbarians of Germany could not have felt more distant than Matthew Arnold contemplating the American Philistine. Arnold was kind towards us, kind as Plato might have been when he watched his artisans hammering out a suit of armor; kind, but equally remote. He failed—let this be our comfort—to comprehend the sweat and toil of those who are founding a new civilization. "Quebec," he wrote Walter Arnold, "is the most interesting thing by much that I have seen on this continent, and I think I would sooner be a poor priest in Quebec than a rich hog-merchant in Chicago."

It is monotonous to notice that Matthew Arnold came to America to make money. Neither his inability to make a speech, nor even Frank Harris, could keep him from the mint of a public lecture tour in the United States. His first adventure here was with an old friend of his, the young reporter, Leo Adolescens, as he had christened him in *Friendship's Garland*. In a letter to his sister he describes the busyness of this person. He had not

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yet landed. "We were lying," he writes, "off Staten Island, a beautiful *orné* landscape with spires, villas, hills, and woods. 'Just like Richmond,' I said to someone by me, 'and not a single Mohican running about.' This precious speech," he concludes, "has got into the newspapers here." Chiefly because of the newspapers he writes: "The blaring publicity of this place is beyond all that I had any idea of." Curiously enough, American newspapers were able to sting Arnold as those of England could not. The earlier letters which describe the attacks of London papers are models of good humor. And when Frederick Harrison burlesques him in an imaginary dialogue called *Culture* he "laughs till he cries". But *The Chicago Tribune* was his master; it lacerated him. This paper, he says, "is sent me to-day with a violent attack upon me for lecturing for 'filthy lucre', and the people catch the cries of their newspapers wonderfully." On January 21 he writes his daughter from Chicago: "A Detroit newspaper compared me, as I stooped now and then to look at my manuscript on a music stool, to 'an elderly bird pecking at grapes on a trellis'—that," he says, "is the style of the thing." Some comments were more pleasing. At Newport he found in a newspaper the following: "The Baptist Union recommend all good Christians to give at least two hours to reading their Bible for every hour they give to hearing Matthew Arnold. This shows," the wise editor concludes, "that in the judgment of the Baptist Union Matthew Arnold's doctrine is very nearly twice as powerful as that of the Bible!"

Another *contretemps* with American newspapers is recorded in part in the *Letters*, but is revised and enlarged in Arnold's essay on *Civilization in the United States*, which appeared in *The Nineteenth Century* in April, 1888:

> You must have lived amongst their newspapers to know what they are. If I relate some of my own experiences, these will give a clear enough notion of what the newspapers over there are, and one remembers more definitely what has happened to oneself. Soon after arriving in Boston, I opened a Boston newspaper and came upon a column headed: "Tickings." By *tickings* we are to understand news conveyed through the tickings of the telegraph. The first "ticking" was: "Matthew Arnold is sixty-two years old"—an age, I must just say in passing, which I had not then reached. The second "ticking" was: "Wales says, Mary is a darling;" the meaning being, that the Prince of

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Wales expressed great admiration for Miss Mary Anderson. This was at Boston, the American Athens. . . .

I proceeded to Chicago. An evening paper was given me soon after I arrived; I opened it, and found under a large type heading, "*We have seen him arrive,*" the following picture of myself: "He has harsh features, supercilious manners, parts his hair down the middle, wears a single eyeglass and ill-fitting clothes." Notwithstanding this rather unfavorable introduction I was most kindly and hospitably received at Chicago. It happened that I had a letter for Medill, an elderly gentleman of Scotch descent, the editor of the chief newspaper in these parts, *The Chicago Tribune.* I called on him, and we conversed amicably together. Some time afterwards, when I had gone back to England, a New York paper published a criticism of Chicago and its people, purporting to have been contributed by me to *The Pall Mall Gazette* over here. It was a poor hoax, and many people were taken in and were excusably angry, Mr. Medill of *The Chicago Tribune* among the number. A friend telegraphed to me to know if I had written the criticism. I, of course, instantly telegraphed back that I had not written a syllable of it. Then a Chicago newspaper is sent to me; and what I have the pleasure of reading, as the result of my contradiction, is this: "Arnold denies; Mr. Medill [my old friend] refuses to accept Arnold's disclaimer; says Arnold is a cur."

It is difficult to surpass this, except in the heading of *The Chicago Tribune* in huge letters: "*Matthew Has Whiskers.*"

On the whole, Arnold's letters give a pleasant picture of our virtues, but one cannot help feeling that he thought these virtues second-rate. In Hartford he stayed with "a nice old couple called Clark". (Here he whispers that "Hartford is the richest town in New England, and Mr. Clark the richest merchant in it." Arnold seems to be quite sensible of the distinction of wealth.) What he found in the Clark family he thought typical of an American virtue. "The whole family have," he wrote, "compared with our middle class at home, that buoyancy, enjoyment, and freedom from constraint which are everywhere in America, and which confirmed me in all I have said about the way the aristocratic class acts as an incubus upon our middle class at home. The universal enjoyment and good nature are what strike one here."

Indeed, pleasant adventures are manifold. Arnold is thrilled by a spin behind "two American trotters". He is pleased with Henry Ward Beecher. General Grant, although he attends the lectures and cannot "hear the British lion roar", goes out of his way to serve Arnold. Oliver Wendell Holmes is interested, and

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"dear old Whittier" meets him at luncheon. He likes Dartmouth and finds the five hundred young ladies of Wellesley College "charming". He dines with the president of Amherst, "the president (who is a widower), his three daughters, and a favourite student, who perhaps is going to marry one of the daughters?" Of the fare at these entertainments there are endless, itemized chronicles. Arnold is learning to like this morning porridge of "split oat groats", which the Americans call oat-meal. He is delighted with the elms of Concord and with "Queeny" Emerson, who, he concedes, has "manners of high distinction". Most of all he likes Virginia which, he notes, "was colonized not by the Puritans, but by English gentry." In fact in Virginia "the cloth is drawn after dinner in the old English fashion".

Yet, after all was said for these things, they could not, Arnold thought, dye out the true American mood, the mood of commonplaceness, of *Gemeinheit*. Even our hearty good nature he found more than counterbalanced by the attendant lack of reserve:

> Some of the best English qualities are clean gone; the love of quiet and dislike of a crowd is gone out of the American entirely. They said Washington had it; . . . but I have seen no American yet, except Norton at Cambridge, who does not seem to desire constant publicity and to be on the go all the day long. It is very fatiguing. I thank God it only confirms me in the desire to "hide my life" as the Greek philosopher recommended, as much as possible.

At the Capitol Mrs. Trollope and Dickens are brought vividly to mind by "the dirt, untidiness, and spitting." He whirls about the country at reduced rates with tickets bearing the inscription, *The Matthew Arnold Troupe*. Finally, at St. Louis, the truth is borne in upon him of the assertion of an American bishop, that "Denver was not ripe for Mr. Arnold".

The *Letters* as a means of studying Arnold's opinions of our culture should be supplemented by passages from the essay in *The Nineteenth Century*. All our Philistinism had its focus, Arnold thought, in our defective sense of beauty:

> I asked a German portrait-painter, whom I found painting and prospering in America, how he liked the country? "How *can* an artist like it?" was his answer. The American artist lives chiefly in Europe; all Americans of cultivation and wealth visit Europe more and more constantly. The mere

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nomenclature of the country acts upon a cultivated person like the incessant pricking of pins. What people in whom the sense for beauty and fitness was quick could have invented, or could tolerate, the hideous names ending in *ville*, the Briggsvilles, Higginsvilles, Jacksonvilles, rife from Maine to Florida; the jumble of unnatural and inappropriate names everywhere? On the line from Albany to Buffalo you have, in one part, half the names in the classical dictionary to designate the stations; it is said that the folly is due to a surveyor who, when the country was laid out, happened to possess a classical dictionary.

"The truth," Arnold adds, after declaring that Washington was but an English officer, and that Lincoln lacked distinction, "is that everything is against distinction in American, and against the sense of elevation to be gained through admiring and respecting it. The glorification of 'the average man', who is quite a religion with the statesmen and publicists there, is against it. . . . Above all," he says, and we smile, "the newspapers are against it."

So they saw us, these Victorians. They saw the beginnings and the growth of Main Street. They spoke frankly of us, and they made us angry. No one enjoys comments from strangers on table-manners in his home. This is the real difficulty: that their criticism made us angry instead of thoughtful; that we would not criticize ourselves. Arnold saw this weakness more clearly than Mrs. Trollope, Dickens, or Thackeray. "The worst of it is," he said, "that all this tall talk and self-glorification meets with hardly any rebuke over there." This was true then. It was very nearly true a score of years ago. It is not true now. In fiction, in poetry, in every form of writing, the protests are louder and more persistent. Our dissatisfaction with ourselves must preface something. Mr. Chesterton says, I believe, that it is but another sign of our commercialism. Many of us believe that it is a sign of something quite different—the dawn of a new intellectual life.

STANLEY T. WILLIAMS.

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AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

"UNLESS the Russian note of May 11 is withdrawn, what can be accomplished at The Hague?" The question was asked in the interim between Genoa and The Hague, by the Hon. David Jayne Hill, writing in this REVIEW about the illusions of the Genoa Conference. It was perhaps less an inquiry than a prophecy, and as such it has been fulfilled. The Russian note was not withdrawn, and nothing was accomplished at The Hague. Dr. Hill will not regard me as belittling his prescience if I say that this was one of many cases in which a prophecy is merely one man's courageous utterance of something which others know but fear to say. It would be an intolerable reflection upon the intelligence and judgment of the world to suggest that it had not yet learned the truth set forth—also in a question—by the herdsman of Tekoa nearly thirty centuries ago: "Can two walk together, except they be agreed?" The one entirely essential basis of agreement was lacking at The Hague, as it had been at Genoa. But I have not quoted Dr. Hill fully. He demanded to know, in case the Russians refused to conform with the Powers on what is perhaps the supreme moral and legal point in international negotiations, what could be accomplished at The Hague "or anywhere else". Comrade Tchitcherin supplied the answer: Nothing, anywhere! It ought not to require further demonstrations to convince even the most optimistic of that fact. It is of course regrettable; chiefly on altruistic grounds, for the sake of the Russian people. As for the rest of the world, it is not for one moment to be conceded that its rehabilitation is dependent upon restored fellowship with Russia. Perhaps such relations would facilitate and expedite the return of normal conditions. But the world would be paying "too much for its whistle". Far better to endure the delay and the continued burdens which Russian estrangement may entail, than to compromise the character of the world by accepting "the easiest way".

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Out of evil comes at least a little good. The fiasco of The Hague reënforces that of Genoa in vindicating the wisdom and the righteousness of the American policy not only of the last year in declining to take part in these futile conferences but also in the last century in consistently holding aloof from the tortuous mazes of European politics. It is an interesting and suggestive coincidence that the conference at The Hague occurred almost exactly at the centenary—next month—of the notorious Congress of Verona. The latter was the culmination and end of that series of conclaves of the Holy Alliance which determined the United States to crystallize the primal policy of Washington into the Monroe Doctrine; and the meeting at The Hague was the latest—probably the last—of a series which has given every thoughtful American cause for profound gratitude for the wisdom of a hundred years ago and for the resolute loyalty to that wisdom which prevails today.

An inspiring contrast to the meddlings and muddlings in Europe is presented in the splendid achievement of our Government in securing a potential settlement of the forty-year controversy between Peru and Chile over the Tacna-Arica territory. Indeed, with the signing of the protocol by those two Powers the settlement may be regarded as assured. We cannot doubt either that the President of the United States will prudently and equitably discharge his great duty as arbitrator or that both the litigants will loyally accept his decision. The achievement is wholly admirable from every point of view; notably from three: It is well to have the dispute decided by arbitration, a method exactly adapted to it; it is well to have those American Republics thus seek a purely American disposition of their differences, instead of turning to the "Big Five" of the League of Nations, though of that latter body they are both nominally members; and it is well to have them accept the United States as umpire between them, not because this country desires or aspires to anything like a hegemony of this hemisphere, but because such a transaction will perceptibly strengthen the bonds of confidence, sympathy and friendship between us and our southern neighbors. Because of this fine achievement, the American Secretary of State will be welcomed with peculiar fervor when he presently visits the

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Brazilian Centenary Exposition. Meanwhile it is scarcely probable that the League of Nations will undertake to discipline or even to reprove Chile and Peru for ignoring its authority and offices in the matter,—though technically they might have been expected to turn to it instead of to the one great Power which has held aloof from it,—seeing how haltingly and ineffectually the League, even in its secret meetings, is getting along with the Balkan and other problems with which it has attempted to deal.

One of the most instructive incidents of the extensive railroad strike has been the definition of the right to strike which was made by a leading Socialist organ, *The New York Call.* President Harding in his proclamation recognized frankly the right of men to cease working, and insisted upon the equal right of other men to work; and declared the disposition of the Government to be to protect both categories in those rights. Against this *The Call* protested, declaring that the President thus aligned himself against the strikers. The strikers, it held, should be protected in their right to strike. But to protect others in going to work in place of the strikers was to deny the right of the strikers, since the right to strike necessarily implied the right to make the strike effective by whatever means might be necessary. In other words, strikers must be free, not merely to quit work themselves but also to prevent other men from taking their places and to prevent the railroads from conducting their business without them. They have a right to "make their strike effective", even if it be necessary to resort to violence, sabotage, arson or murder. The significant fact is not that a Socialist organ enunciates that detestable and intolerable doctrine, but that Mr. Gompers's American Federation of Labor seems to acquiesce in it. Although, as a rule, Mr. Gompers is antipathetic toward Socialism, *The Call* is at present his chief journalistic champion, and if he and the Federation dissent from such extreme utterances as that which I have cited and repudiate the making of them, the fact is not known to the public. It was pleasant last month to applaud Mr. Gompers's manly and successful stand against Bolshevist Communism. It is regrettable that he does not similarly stand against the equally abominable principles of his Socialist advocates.

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Discussion of national anthems is again rife, somewhat more extensively, earnestly and persistently than ever before; taking chiefly the tone of unfavorable criticism of both the words and music of *The Star Spangled Banner*. It is to be hoped that the time will never come when Americans will not love that historic poem and be thrilled at sound of its stirring air. Indeed, it is to be wished that more than one in a hundred of them would love it enough to learn its words. Yet it might be even finer than it is in both words and music without being well suited to the purposes of an official national anthem. The indisputable objections to the words are two: That it is a "poem of occasion", based upon a single specific incident not of the first importance, and therefore unsuited for permanent use; and that its spirit is almost entirely martial, not to say belligerent, and therefore unsuited to the peaceful uses of a peace-loving nation. The objections to the music are that it is of foreign origin, that its earliest association was with an obscene drinking song, and that it is difficult to sing. Not one nor all of these five objections can ever banish the song from the hymnary of patriotism, but they may well impeach its claim to supreme distinction and official adoption. I cannot recall that any air has ever been adopted as a national anthem which was not composed for that purpose or at least for patriotic use; nor that, with a single obvious exception, any was ever thus adopted that was of alien origin. The one exception to the latter rule is, of course, that air which Beethoven, Haydn, Weber and other great musicians regarded as one of the noblest compositions of human genius and which beside being the *God Save the King!* of England has been the official and favorite national air of at least half a dozen other important countries. It might, to the uninitiated, seem passing strange that it should be opposed on account of its foreign and especially its English origin by the very persons who are most zealously in favor of *The Star Spangled Banner;* and it is of curious interest to recall that Samuel F. Smith, when he "shouted a song for the brave and the free", supposed that he was fitting it to the notes of a German folk ballad! It is not clear that there is any imperative necessity of our officially adopting a national anthem, but if we should do so, we should make sure that in all respects it is appropriate

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and worthy. As to the argument that national anthems are, as poets, "born, not made," it must be remembered that at least two of the best that ever were written were in fact "written to order".

There has been a revival of prosecutions of publishers for issuing reputedly "obscene" literature, with varying results. Amid a flood of injudicious babble, *pro* and *contra*, two facts stand forth conspicuous. One is, that it is disgraceful and should be intolerable to have the terrorism of censorship held over the literary world by self-appointed meddlers who are usually conspicuous for ignorance and absurdity of judgment, but who, under one of the amazing anomalies of our governmental system, are invested with a quasi-official and peculiarly arbitrary power. The other is that there are now being written and printed entirely too many books impossible of justification on grounds not of morality but of common decency. Prudery is generally prurience, and is detestable; but equally detestable is filth written for filth's sake, even though it be spuriously labelled "art". "Clear your mind of cant," exhorted Ursa Major; and the urging is as pertinent today as it was a century and a half ago. We all know that there are many books in which sexual intimacies and aberrations are portrayed and discussed with clinical frankness, yet which have no unclean purpose and which it is simply ridiculous to ban as "obscene"; some of them, such as the masterpieces of Hawthorne and Daudet, being imbued with the noblest of moral inspirations, and others, from Petronius to Maupassant, being written faithfully to depict and record the manners of the times. We know, too, just as well, that there are books being printed now—as in years past—with no such purpose or excuse for being, but solely for their appeal to lubricity. To discriminate between the two classes, and to protect the one in the freedom of letters while suppressing the other as a public nuisance, must be recognized as one of the most difficult and important of tasks, which it would be scandalous to entrust to an irresponsible and arbitrary 'prentice hand, yet which needs to be performed for the sake of literature and art as well as of social and personal morals.

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While New York and other communities are agitated over conflicting schemes for war memorials which differ chiefly in degrees of fantasticality and bad taste, "they order this matter better in France." In the Forest of Compiègne, on the spot where the Armistice was signed, is being placed a simple slab of stone, bearing this inscription:

Here, on the 11th November, 1918, Succumbed the Criminal Pride of the German Empire, Beaten by the Free Peoples Whom It Desired to Enslave.

That is all; but it is enough, and not too much. There is not a thought nor a suggestion in it that is not unimpeachably true, or that is lacking in perfect tact and taste. It is a model worthy of study and emulation by everyone who commemorates or in any way writes of or speaks of the Great War; for it is a transcript of the legend indelibly inscribed in the minds and hearts of the civilized world.

It is not easy to restrain a certain impulse toward at least a semi-cynical amusement at the performance of the young man who at first entirely rejected his father's legacy of a million dollars, on the Socialist ground that the possession of such a fortune, and certainly its transmission to him who had had no part in creating it, could not be justified on moral grounds; and that anyway it would be a burden to him to take care of it. After a period of heart-searching and meditation he appears to have decided to keep a considerable part of it, but to give the bulk of it to a radical and Socialist organization, "for Public Service"; which organization is not expected to demur at the acceptance of "tainted money". With all possible recognition of the altruistic nobility of the young man, there persists in coming to mind the old story of the young woman who "got religion" so strenuously that she felt that the costly jewels she was wearing were devices of the Evil One to drag her down to hell, and accordingly gave them all to her sister.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE LITTLE CORNER NEVER CONQUERED. By John van Schaick, Jr. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The War Council of the American Red Cross first sent a commission to Europe in June, 1917, with Grayson M. P. Murphy, a successful New York banker, who had shortly before been commissioned as Major in the United States Reserve Corps and placed on General Pershing's Staff, at its head. One of the most noteworthy facts about the non-military war-work seems to have been that the very ablest civilians in the country were needed for such duties and were assigned to them. The versatile American business man, requisitioned for unfamiliar service under strange conditions, cheerfully rolled up his shirtsleeves, plunged into the maelstrom of conflicting organizations, foreign politics, and red tape, and by virtue of his tact, efficiency, and tireless labor, energized the whole mass. Of course, the American official, in whatever branch of service he might be, was in an especially favorable position for influencing the course of events. As representing the country looked upon as the savior of the hard-pressed Allies, he naturally called forth all the unselfishness and courtesy of the devoted Englishmen and Frenchmen with whom he worked. But in general he seems to have made extraordinarily good use of his opportunity.

Major Murphy was no exception to this rule. His policy, from the first, was to coöperate with existing organizations, to avoid conflicts and duplications, to be universally and systematically helpful. "Remember," he said to his staff, "that these people who have been doing relief work in Europe since the beginning of the war know a lot more about it than we do. Play the game with them. . . . We have to remember that these people over there are very tired and very sensitive. I want you to pocket your pride and not get into arguments. . . . If a Red Cross man is high and mighty with a single hotel waiter, he will hurt the whole Red Cross. . . . I don't know a thing about it. I've got to depend on you fellows to put it over."

On August 20, Major Murphy directed that a department for Belgium be organized. The head of this department, which was soon turned into an independent commission, was the able and devoted Colonel Ernest P. Bicknell, and the assistant chief was John van Schaick, Jr., the author of this book. The new commission had its headquarters at Le Havre, the seat of the Belgian Government, which exercised authority over that little corner of Belgium which was never conquered. The book thus gives a valuable view of what was in many ways the most interesting portion of the front, supplementing what we know of occupied Belgium during the war.

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The statistics of what the commission accomplished are in themselves impressive. The work of military relief alone included the establishment, equipment, and maintenance of hospitals, canteens, and centers of recreation; the provision of rest areas for Belgian nurses; supplies for hospitals and canteens; gifts and extra comforts for soldiers; and cash donations to hospital, canteen, and recreational organizations. Considerably over a million dollars was spent in these ways. In addition to this, upwards of $364,000 was expended upon civil hospitals. An especially fascinating story is that of the relief of the children—an account varied by many personal narratives. To this work the sum of $1,159,553 was devoted. The organization of the relief of refugees—a work having many pathetic and inspiring aspects—was difficult and laborious. It comprised the removal of refugees from dangerous or congested areas; provision of housing, relief supplies and medical service; improvement of living conditions; clothing for discharged Belgian soldiers; assistance to returning refugees; and contributions to other organizations and to the Belgian Government for relief activities. The expenditure in this case was about a million and a half. For general supervision, a little over $93,000 was spent. The grand total for relief work in Belgium amounted to $4,327,089. Never interfering, always ready in its response to the most diverse demands, the Belgian Commission had a hand in every sort of relief work and ensured its success.

Besides giving a comprehensive report of the work of the commission, the author presents somewhat lifelike sketches of notable personalities—notably of the noble King and Queen of Belgium and of the energetic and original Dr. Antoine De Page, the man who made the famous Ocean Hospital. It is to pages like these that historians of the future will turn when they wish to distinguish the facts of character from myth and popular tradition.

RANDOM MEMORIES. By Ernest Wadsworth Longfellow. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

There is much in these pleasant reminiscences to make one think of the author of *Evangeline* and *Hiawatha*—a sort of unimpassioned love of nature and art and humankind, a charm closely allied to moderation and sanity. There is nothing very remarkable in the book, nothing commonplace. It satisfies one continually because it all seems to be so natural and adequate an expression of personality. One is in the society of a friend who has nothing to conceal, relates everything with a touch of appreciation and with more than a touch of good sense, withholds nothing except through the fear of becoming tiresome, and does not try to hide even his limitations. The book makes one feel that one has had a good talk with the author. No literary mannerisms have come between. The absence of a confidential tone increases one's confidence. It is agreeable thus to deal with a personality that has no secrets, no poses, no particular desire to impress, and which for these reasons does impress

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one the more. The style is almost the prose style of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, lacking a certain formality.

As to the poet himself, while there is much pleasant chat about him and his friends, the passage about him that sticks best in one's memory is one relating to what may be called his excess of moderation. "One of my great regrets in life," writes the author, "is that my father would not let me go with Agassiz on his expedition to Brazil and his exploration of the Amazon. Agassiz had offered me the post of artist to the expedition, and I had been wild to go, but I was not yet of age, and my father was very much opposed to it, fearing I could not stand the climate, so I reluctantly gave it up. It was certainly one of the lost chances of my life. That was very characteristic of my father; he always thought it wisest not to do a thing. He had none of the adventurous spirit. 'To stay at home is best,' he wrote. He hated excess or extremes. He disliked extreme cold or extreme heat, and believed in the *juste milieu* in everything. Not for him, therefore, the extreme heights or depths of the tragic poets." This is a rather revealing criticism and it is given additional point by the fact that but for his father's influence Ernest Longfellow would have chosen to become a soldier rather than an artist.

There is not a little criticism of a simple and similarly revealing sort scattered through the volume. One may instance the quite adequate remarks about those two extraordinary and contentious books written respectively by Charles and Henry Adams. "I once passed a rainy Sunday at The Glades," says Mr. Longfellow, in passing, "a summer colony, where two Adamses, Jack and Charles, sat all the afternoon on the piazza in rocking-chairs, and whatever one said the other contradicted flatly." The author's comments, moreover, upon art and some of its modern varieties, while in no way subtle, have that quality of evident good sense *plus* something more in the way of charm or fitness or forbearance which is characteristic of the whole narrative.

Next to the matter relating to the elder Longfellow and his circle, one may place in the scale of interest the author's description of Thomas Couture, the French artist under whom Ernest Longfellow studied for two summers. Here is true portrayal, revealing unusual traits without unduly playing up eccentricities, giving life to a personality. But there are genuine touches of life and character on every page. One of Mr. Longfellow's reminiscences is of such psychological and human interest that it was coveted by Henry James as material for a story; and the author's anecdotes range from things of this sort to mere "quips and cranks", puns as delightful as those in which Oliver Wendell Holmes used to revel, and quaint stories that are good enough to bear many retellings. Through it all runs a vein of seriousness and decorum, and an evident sincerity that lends significance even to little matters. There is a sober evaluation of all the author's experiences, a mature appreciation, scarcely verging upon enthusiasm, of what he found best in society, in art, and in travel, which is really more agreeable than any amount of smart comment.

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The spirit of the old New England writers is in this book, modernized and individualized. The narrative has a pleasant flavor of Washington Irving, without being in the least imitative or old-fashioned.

DEATH AND ITS MYSTERY: AT THE MOMENT OF DEATH. By Camille Flammarion. New York: The Century Company.

M. Flammarion is bent upon treating the subject of super-normal phenomena systematically and on thus demonstrating survival of bodily death beyond cavil. In a previous volume he has written of manifestations before death. The present book is to be followed by one relating to communications of departed spirits.

The author's method, though a little unusual, seems logically justifiable. Once establish the fact of telepathy between living persons, and between those living and those at the point of death, and the way is open for belief in communications from the dead to the living—always provided, of course, that we can in these latter cases exclude the possibility of influence from living persons. Now since, in view of the mass of accumulated evidence, it would seem mere prejudice to declare telepathy impossible, why may we not, upon the publication of M. Flammarion's next work, swallow the whole spiritualistic dose?

In the first place, while Flammarion's collection of cases is as large and quite as interesting as any that may be found in the works of any other writer, there is in them, as in all such compilations, a terrible monotony, a deadening unsatisfactoriness. This kind of unsure and unperfect revelation is not to one's taste; it does little more than harrow one's feelings.

In the second place, we have to consider the possible results of such investigations. It is altogether too easy to assume that they can have but one result. Surely one can sympathize fully with those patient investigators who, like M. Flammarion, have submitted to obloquy in the exploration of what they deem a pathway to truth and whose efforts are continually hampered by prejudice and by a somewhat cowardly disposition to conceal facts. But supposing all these researches should end simply in relegating all spiritualistic phenomena to the domain of morbid psychology, in establishing a new branch of psychology, perhaps, or even a new branch of physics, but without discovering anything in the least satisfying to our higher nature? There are signs that this result is by no means impossible. Those who enter upon these investigations from the standpoint of the physical sciences come out with scientific or pseudo-scientific results, while those who go into them in a religious frame of mind come out with the faith wherewith they went in. Meanwhile moth and rust do not cease to corrupt nor thieves to break through and steal. Except in exceptional cases, where there is constant "communication" through mediums, the bereaved do not seem happier than before, and in these latter cases the effect upon character seems questionable. Spirit messages amount to nothing. If the whole mass of alleged phenomena should be reduced to

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coldly scientific facts, a period of pronounced unfaith would almost certainly ensue. This does not deny the chance that the spiritualists may ultimately arrive, but in the meantime what of those who have pinned their faith to occultism?

The truth seems to be that the study of the occult is a science in its crude and early stages. Its professors should be unmolested, but those who are in haste to popularize what they believe themselves to have learned are not doing so great a service to humanity as they imagine. The reader attracted by this kind of reading may generally be assured that if he has examined a comprehensive work like Henry Holt's *Cosmic Relations* he will find little to satisfy his further curiosity in other works upon the supernormal.

MEMOIRS OF A CLUBMAN. By G. B. Burgin. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

The title of Mr. Burgin's book hardly does it justice, since for some reason or other it suggests a rather superficial view of the world. But active as the author has been in club life, his autobiography is really the story of an author's career. The two best qualities of the narrative are its humor and its ill-concealed spirit of helpfulness. Mr. Burgin, according to his own account, "drifted into writing", a profession which he (like many another man) has found to be both a source of interest and a questionable blessing. To read a little between the lines, Mr. Burgin, though he has been highly successful, has not the consolation of feeling that he is great. But many a young man will, in the course of human events, "drift into writing", and still more, both old and young have leanings that way. Of these few or none can aspire to greatness.

Born in Croydon, England, in 1856, Mr. Burgin early fell victim to the sentiment that leads young fellows to write. A dwarf, Jerry Oletenshaw, who was his boon companion in his 'teens, confirmed him in his literary bent. "Jerry consorted a great deal with the Gypsies on the Common, and, in some mysterious way born of suffering, had acquired an insight into the future. 'You will travel,' he said. 'You will travel into strange lands and meet with many things. Store them in your heart and write books.' At that time," Burgin adds, "it seemed to me the summit of human felicity to be able to write books. Sometimes the gods answer our prayers in order to punish us for having made them."

When eighteen, the author won a copy of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* "in an alleged literary competition." His father, perceiving that the literary life had laid fast hold upon him, sent him out to Canada, in order that he might at least have something to write about before he attempted to write. This Canadian episode is an idyl, curiously real, remarkably affecting in its contrast with the atmosphere of the great world which pervades all other parts of the book. Mr. Burgin says just enough about his honest friends at Four Corners and his lost love, Sheila Campbell, to leave an unforgettable impression.

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Every author, unless he be great enough to be a sort of monomaniac, must be many-sided. The literary emotions, the capacity for solitude and sentiment which is an almost inevitable concomitant of his talent, must be checked by stimulating human associations. A man must "look into his own heart and write", but he must also knock about a bit. Mr. Burgin did both. Returning from Canada, he became secretary to Valentine Baker Pasha, sojourned in Constantinople, and journeyed through Asia Minor. On a later visit to his old Canadian haunts, he spent some time in a Trappist monastery, obtaining there the impressions which he afterwards worked up into his novel *Shutters of Silence*.

The end of his Near Eastern experience found him without prospects or immediate means of livelihood, and he became that most miserable of beings, a London clerk. From this dead-alive existence he was rescued by Robert Barr. Burgin had written a story of Canadian life which he submitted in a competition instituted by *The Detroit Free Press*. He did not win the competition, but his story was found good enough to buy, and Barr sought him out. Meanwhile, through an old Canadian friend, the minister at Four Corners, he had made the acquaintance of Wyville Home, the song-writer, who introduced him to that lovable friend of struggling genius, F. W. Robinson, the editor of *Home Chimes*, and to the literary circle of the Old Vagabonds. Mr. Burgin now had an average favorable start in the world of letters and journalism. He had the good fortune to become secretary to Jerome K. Jerome and eventually sub-editor of *The Idler*, the editorial group of which was one of those rare fellowships of literary knights errant worthy to be commemorated in histories of literature. In time he deserted *The Idler* to become a reader for *Pearson's Magazine*, but as his literary reputation grew he gladly abandoned the drudgery of reading (mostly unavailable) manuscripts and turned to wholly independent work.

Fully a third of Mr. Burgin's book is devoted to comments upon the literary life, the experiences of the shop, the methods of well-known authors, and the trials of the young aspirant. His hints, and especially his attitude toward life and toward his profession, should be absorbed by every young person with literary leanings and especially by that majority of young writers who essay to enter literature through the journalistic door. In his advice there is nothing patronizing; it is simply the cheerful, moderately disillusionizing comment of a man who knows. He who reads this book understandingly will learn how to take himself seriously enough to do good work without becoming self-centered, and how to keep his necessary literary vanity in its place without becoming a futile self-censor.

A mellow humor, with a sharp tang of common sense, makes the book a sort of guide to worldly wisdom properly so-called, while the author's rare ability to make fun of himself while he criticizes others makes all his observations more telling. But most of all, the narrative is remarkable for its anecdotes about noteworthy people, great and small, and for the personal touch that alone makes anecdotes acceptable.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ARISTOTLE ON MAN AND THE STATE

SIR:

In the July issue of your magazine in an article on *Men and Nations*, Aristotle is quoted as follows from Jowett's translation:

> It is evident that the State is a creation of nature and that man is by nature a political animal. The State is by nature clearly prior to the family and the individual, since the whole is of necessity prior to the part.

Professor Brown interprets these sentences as "Aristotle's assertion that man is the product and not the creator of organized society". I venture to think that this is a quite mistaken interpretation of the idea, and that Aristotle would not have recognized his thought in the transformation to which Professor Brown subjects it.

We moderns never easily realize the extent to which Greek thought is permeated by the assumption of final causes. Criticism today seeks origins in efficient causes; the classical Greek (as also the theologian of the Middle Ages and the Reformation) sought origins in the end which nature (or God) was assumed to have had in view. Aristotle's full thought was something like this:

> The city-state is the perfected ideal of civilization foreordained by the decrees of nature; therein each one of us [thus the Greek Jowett translates as "individual"] and the family as well find the *raison d'etre* of their existence; just as the whole implies the existence of parts which find the explanation of their being and nature in the purpose subserved by the whole.

It is curious that the illustration of Aristotle, "since the whole is of neccessity prior to the part," should not have put one on guard. For, to take πρότερον as implying priority in time is meaningless. How could the whole be prior to the parts save in the purposes of nature? Is not the teleological implication overwhelmingly obvious?

Lack of space forbids a reference to the full argument of the *Politics*, which is indisputably destructive of the thesis that Aristotle ever thought or said that man was the product and not the creator of society. One could more properly demonstrate that such a conception would have been to that great critic wholly incomprehensible; for it is informed with the assumption of efficient causes and therefore strictly alien to Greek thought.

CHARLES H. BURR.

Philadelphia, Penn.

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THE "ARTISAN POET" OF WALES

SIR:

You may remember my article in your journal, *An Artisan Poet*, in February last. I have just heard from Mr. Menai Williams to the effect that a new edition of his book of poetry, *Through the Upward Shaft*, is being published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, London, England; also, that another volume by the same author will probably be published in the autumn.

I write this to you because I have received so many inquiries, both directly and through you, as to the publishers and sellers of *Through the Upward Shaft*. I think it would benefit lovers of literature generally if you could insert a note—or even this letter—to this effect in your valuable and influential REVIEW.

DEWI J. WILLIAMS.

Bulawayo, South Africa.

IN DEFENSE OF THE GARBAGE CAN

SIR:

I do not wish the title to be taken in too literal a sense, since it is written in the form of a rebuttal to the argument put forth in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW by Elizabeth Robins Pennell. While her article started as a contemnation upon the lowly yet altogether too highly visible garbage can she later metamorphized this into the symbol of a national artistic inertia and slovenliness. I am not one of those individuals she refers to "who wears his patriotism upon his sleeve", nor do I consider it a crime to criticize one's own country; providing the criticism is just in its relation to the country as a whole. But her criticism and the examples she sets forth only apply in a sense to a remote part of a heterogeneous mass.

She takes New York as a model for her picture to represent the national shortcomings and with a broad, full brush, sweeps on the pigments in heavy masses obscuring the higher lights and subtiles. She regrets that Americans are so slovenly and that Art is lacking in the mad effort to obtain monetary independence and power, and then goes on to say that "American (art) students are almost as countless as the sands on the shore, and scholarships almost many enough to go the rounds". Surely this would seem an incongruity. While thousands may aspire to painting, sculpture, literature and music, it is only a very small minority who will ever be recognized. For the fruits of genius are not given to every man, and it is only the works of genius which withstand the erosion of the ages.

The "stately old towns of France or Spain or Italy" are doubtless more quaint and picturesque than towns in America—but it is mostly due to their backgrounds and traditions that they appeal to our romantic spirit. In point of cleanliness and sanitation they do not compare with New World methods.

The final and transcendent contradiction is her statement that we should

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check the flood of European immigration which threatens our Democracy,—should stop these French, Spanish and Italians whose national habits she so faithfully upholds.

Garbage cans will no doubt continue to be of use in this country and will not materially affect cultural opportunities, all criticism to the contrary notwithstanding.

ALLEN WEST SHAW.

Riverside, Conn.

JOSEPH ANDREW GALAHAD

(Died April 13, 1922)

SIR:

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW will, I believe, have increasing pride in having published poems by Joseph Andrew Galahad, especially *The Knife* in the issue for May, 1920, which brought the author a cordial letter from John Masefield. Joe Galahad won many devoted friends in his short literary career; indeed it was impossible for anyone to come into his radius without feeling the peculiar elevation and fervor of his spirit. I have noted how the mere mention of his name changed the entire atmosphere of a group of people. All who have come into more intimate touch with him are proud to have been called his friends, as an Elizabethan might have been proud of his acquaintance with Sidney.

I have been of those who thought that poetry should be judged solely in itself, apart from the circumstances of its creation or the character of the poet. Now I am not so sure. Certainly the knowledge of Joe's life has given his work a far deeper meaning to me than it could have had otherwise. To know that a young man on his death-bed in almost continuous pain for three years could affirm his love of life, his belief in friendship, and his trust in the divine dispensation, with such glowing imagination, has been a different experience from reading a poem in the *Oxford Book*. And yet even before I knew anything of his suffering I inferred the intensity and nobility of Joe Galahad's nature in a poem, not of his best, which came to me in the ordinary routine of editing *Contemporary Verse*. For the man wrote as he lived, out of the special conviction of his soul.

Let us finally turn to the concluding lines of *Argosy*, where the spirit escapes from its fleshly prison of pain:

> So I leaned and opened the window—
> And left my body there:
> The poor old tattered clay house,
> With the cotton wool in its hair.
> No more the four walls hold me,
> And compass me about:
> The sea gulls hear
> And answer
> The psalm of joy
> That is my shout.

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I have built me a sturdy galleon—
I have chartered the seven seas—
And the rims of other planets
When I tire of the earth and these.
I refuse the rôle of Atlas—
Whatever winds may fail,
Aeriphus waits
By the outer Gates—
I sail!
I sail!

Do not we, too, sail with him in this triumphant voyage of the spirit? Can we who knew him, even those who only read his story and his poetry sympathetically, ever relapse again into quite the lethargic "What's the use?" attitude of old, when we think of his buoyant courage, his virile acceptance of the worst that fate could do to him?

CHARLES WHARTON STORK.

Logan, Philadelphia.

GOOD THINGS APPRECIATED

SIR:

The May number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW appeals to my mind as educational, instructive and interesting in the varied fields of the world, evidencing that the articles conform to the title of the magazine.

I am not familiar with Lindsay Blayney's pen, but his article on Americanism is worth more to readers who have searching minds than the cost of the magazine itself. The foreign element of labor unions will not benefit, for they will not read it; but all who read the article will say "Amen" to it—Mr. Gompers himself, I believe, would.

Admiral Pratt is one of many strong intellects in the Navy, and his review of the armament limitation is analytical and clear to all readers.

Dr. Sweeney's article on Immigration recalls to me my association with Theodore Roosevelt in the late 'eighties, and the interest which he took in the law which was to exclude the criminal and those without visible means of support. He complained that the law was violated, and urged amendments that would shut out those who would be a burden or a menace to the country.

The article on *France in the Dock* is not only interesting but illuminating.

It is needless for me to attempt to praise the *Affairs of the World* by Willis Fletcher Johnson—a master hand.

H. E. RHOADES,
(*Lieut.-Com'd'r, U.S.N.*)

Mirror Lake, New Hampshire.

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